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**FRONTIER, ARMY**

**—AND—**

**PROFESSIONAL LIFE**

**—OF—**

**EDWIN WARD FINCH, M. D.**

1, Medicine — Practice

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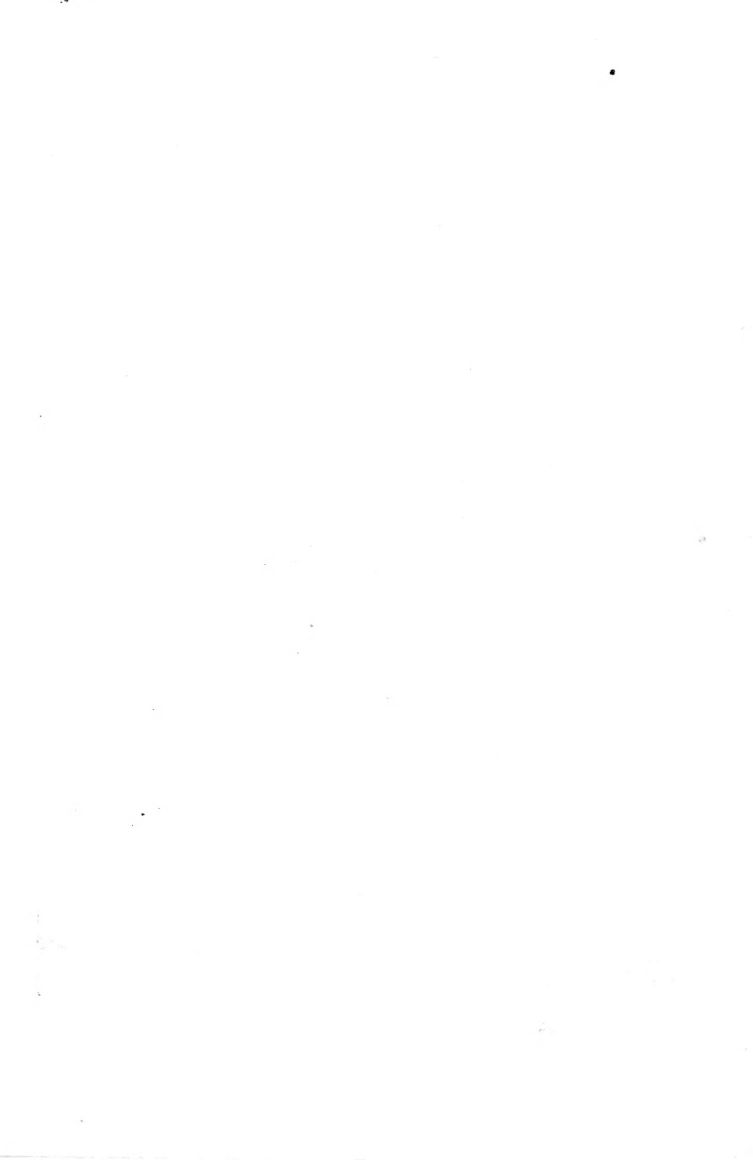


WAR-TIME PHOTO OF THE AUTHOR

*Forrest in Berlin*



PHOTO OF THE AUTHOR



*Ernaude m. O'Brien*

THE  
FRONTIER, ARMY

AND

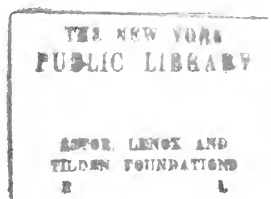
PROFESSIONAL LIFE

OF

EDWIN W. FINCH, M.D.

WITH

Suggestive Thoughts from His  
Own Personal Experiences in  
the Treatment of Pneumonia, Etc



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BY  
EDWIN WARD FINCH, M.D.  
New Rochelle, N. Y.

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## DEDICATION.

*To the youth of our land, and to the recent Recruit in Medical Ranks, these pages are respectfully dedicated.*

*W'o'd that they wer a thousand times more helpful.*

THE AUTHOR.



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## P R E F A C E .

I GREATLY fear the bare, unembellisht facts herein recorded will be found but "Dull Music."

Be it far from me to boast of what I did, or endured in the Army. *Hundreds of Thousands* did more than I, sufered more, and endured more than I! And other *Hundreds of Thousands* gave *their all, their lives!* that this Dear Country of ours might live!

The chief object in giving these random sketches is, that it may aid, in small degree, the youth of our land, to realize what "we soldier boys" rought for them, and for those who are to come after them.

### "SKETCHES OF EARLY LIFE, ETC."

are but a shadow of what Western Pioneers in the early days must needs endure in the course of "Empire-building."

Should "Outlines of professional work" aid *one* recent "Recruit" to our ranks, in his "Life work." 'twill be the richest return posible, for my well-meant effort.

To those conversant with life in Eastern sections

only, some of statements will seem incredible—apochryphal.

Having no living witnesses at hand to substantiate my statements, must rely on my 41 years “Record” in New Rochelle, as proof of truthfulness of incidents herein recorded.

Some will dump this book on the “scrap-pile,” who prefer advers criticism to helpful facts. Other some, because it is avers to their preconceivd opinions. A third will follow suit, because of lack of scientific terms, but there’s not room here. Facts crowd them, and theories, out. Others will say “Dame Nature” is not allowd sufficient chance to effect a cure unaided.

But: There are many living witnesses, whose ad-dres I will gladly giv. Ask their opinion.

My apology for “Reformed Spelling” is—the act of writing causes pain and discomfort in right hand and arm—therefore abbreviation.

## PART I.

### Sketch of Frontier and Army Life.

#### CHAPTER I.

"GLEN WILD, Sullivan County, N. Y., was the place of my nativity—and December 13th, 1831, the date of my birth.

My childhood home was on a plato, on western slope of "Barren Mountain," on a hi-way leading down the steep mountain side, to "Deniston's Ford," on Neversink River (a tributary of the Delaware), one mile distant.

It's a most romantic region. From our house one co'd distinctly see "Walnut Mountain," seventeen miles westward, where "Loomis Sanitarium" is now located, near village of Liberty, and northeast, twelve miles distant, is "Old Shongum," now with its numerous summer resorts in plain view. And a view of the Catskills, fifty miles in extent, to the northwest.

Five miles southeast, on crest of Barren Mountain, is the justly-noted "Mama-cating Inn," and seven miles to the southwest, on a mountain plato, nestles the charming city of Monticello, a noted summer re-

sort. In fact this entire mountain-region is one vast "Summer Resort." Across the way, seventy-five yards distant, is a grove of Hemlock trees, each tree thirty inches in diameter, and seventy-five feet hi.

When they wer saplings, and I was four years old, 'twas my delight to climb to their top, break a branch, and peel the bark down the sapling as I descended, from which I manufactured my first "whip-lashes." Some one hundred and fifty yards beyond this grove, and down the steep mountain-side, in a rocky glen, was a spring of purest, coldest water floing from a fisure in a mass of rock. Well do I remember our dear mother, during the heat of summer, leading us three urchins down into that coolest, shadiest glen, where we wo'd spend hours quenching our thirst at this delightful fountain, and gathering lovely wild flowers that gru in great profusion along the stream's border.

All thro' the glen wer giant Hemlocks, making shade so dense the sun's rays co'd not penetrate.

In winter, the large boys attending the public school, just across the way from our hous, wo'd mount their "Tobogan" (an old "slab bench" turned bottom-side-up), and coast down the precipitus mountain-side, to the River; a most perilous trip!

My first revolt against parental authority I recall was, the nocking a haf-grown apple from a tree near the hous and eating a portion of it, in defiance of strict orders from my precious mother, whom I dearly loved.

Altho but four years old, yet my conscience gave me a lot of trouble.

Mother frequently sent me on errands to her childhood home, one-haf mile down the mountain-side.

This was always a great delight to me. Spent part of my fourth birthday with my Grand-parents, and recall that my grand-father gave me my first pocket-knife. I soon cut my finger quite badly, and "Gran-pa" bo't the nife of me for three big coper cents, causing me to feel *very rich*, but not haf as rich as when, the foloing summer, a lady gave me a magnificent "Rose Peony." Rockefeller was never haf as rich as I then *felt!*

On entering my Grand-mother's kitchen, on date above mentioned, and wishing to sho her how tall I had grown, I stept to a kitchen chair, and my hed came just even with top of post. That winter I had lots of fun at Grand-father's, cutting branches of trees into kindling wood with a hatchet my uncle loaned me.

The foloing summer my father made for me a hay-rake, and pitch-fork, so my childish activities wer transferd to the "Hayfield."

Taxing to the utmost my physical strength was, from early childhood, intense enjoyment.

I remember well the historic snow-storm of December, 1835, when, in forty-eight hours, snow fel to depth of "four feet on the level!"

Also of seeing all the nabors, with ox-teams, sleds, and shovels opening the blockt streets.

## CHAPTER II.

THE folowing summer my father caught the "Western fever" (as 'twas in those days calld), sold his farm, and emigrated to "Franklin, Lenawe County, Michigan." We drove to Newburg, took steamer to New York City—spent one day—then by steamer to Albany, then by "Erie Canal" to Buffalo, then steamer to Detroit, then by wagon to Franklin. Wer fourteen days making the trip. Now but eighteen hours are required.

Our first home was in a Log Cabin.

Biznes calld my father from home most of our first winter in that wildernes country, so I, being the eldest boy, was installd "man-of-the-house."

My duties wer cuting and bringing in firewood, keeping a hot fire burning, bringing water from a spring fifteen rods away, runing of errands, etc. It was, for me, both a strenuous and hapy winter. For me there was no joy so great as making my precious mother comfortable and hapy.

What a mother! O, what a mother was she!—The summer after I was five, my sister, three years my senior, and self walkd one and one-haf miles to attend a "District School," in Log School-house, with benches made of slabs, without "backs," and too hi for our feet to tuch the floor.

The first lesen given me by the young lady teacher to memorize was:

"Language or speech is the utterance of articulate sounds, rendered significant by usage, for the expression and communication of thoughts." That lesson did not "appeal" to my childish intellect, and when closing hour came my lesson was not learned—consequently I was ordered to remain after school and learn my lesson, which I did in fifteen minutes, then ran one-quarter mile before overtaking the group of children going my way.

That was both first and last lesson I ever failed on in the allotted time.

Three years were spent in Franklin; then father, having purchased of the United States Government two hundred acres of land in Ingham County (near where "Lansing," the capital of Michigan, is now located), built a log house, in spring of 1840, in midst of the largest forest-trees I ever saw—oak and elm five feet in diameter; maple, black walnut, ash and whitewood (or Tulip-tree), four feet in diameter and more than one hundred feet tall. Have traveled thru twenty-five states of United States, east of the Rockies, and thru parts of Canada, yet I failed to find such giant forest-trees elsewhere.

I distinctly recall the first letter dear mother wrote back to her eastern home, just after we entered ours in the wilderness. Mother wrote:—"Dear Father and Mother: We are finally established in our new home, but our house has neither window, nor door, neither chimney, hearth, nor chamber-floor!" But those very necessary adjuncts were installed later.

'Til then, sheets servd for windo-glass, and blankets for doors.

Rather insecure protection, for our nights wer made hideous by the frightful howling of large packs of gray and black "Timber wolves." We, at such times, kept fires burning near the hous, as protection. 'Twas with utmost care we co'd keep either sheep or pigs. Wolves wo'd steal the former, and the large black bear the latter.

Our near nabor (only three miles distant) was absent from his home one day, when the good wife heard a comotion not far from the hous.

On looking out the windo, saw a large bear inside the pen, trying to pick up a full-grown hog in his arms (forward paws), intending, doutles, to cary the pig away to his den in a nearby swamp.

The only wepon at hand was a "pitchfork." This the brave woman seizd, rusht out to the pen, and stabd the bear so furiously with the sharp fork that he leapt out of the pen and ran for the Tail timber!

Another nabor, several miles distant, heard a racket 'mongst his pigs, thirty rods away, in edg of woods, and sent his sixteen-year-old boy to investigate. He found a large bear trying to capture a pig, but the entire drove wer puting up a furious fight agenst being captured. The boy, Jo Davidson, whom I new wel, grabd a club and went for bruin. The beast turnd on Jo. The boy scrambled up a sapling so small the bear co'd not folo him, and yeld for help.

His father came on duple-quick, and drove the bear away.

James Du Bois, a lad thirteen years old, a chum of mine, heard the squeal of a pig. He seized the new rifle recently bo't for him by his father, and ran for the woods.

When within fifty paces he spied the bear breakfasting off the pig he had just killed.

The first shot from Jim's rifle dropt bruin dead in his track.

Our nabor, Jerry Kent, a noted hunter of big game, was, with his three trained dogs, on trail of an unusually large bear. As he came near the beast, Kent fired, wounding him.

The bear turned on the hunter before he had time to re-load his rifle. The dogs, to save their master, tackled the bear, who quickly killed two of the dogs, and had grabbed the third. Kent, to save the dog, rushed at the bear, with his hunting knife in hand. Bruin dropped the dog, and grabbed the hunter in his arms (fore paws) and commenced the "huging" process, to crush the life out of poor Kent. His arms being so pinned, he could not use his knife, but his vigorous calls for help brought his fleet-footed son, three-quarters mile away, who quickly dispatched the murderous beast, and carried his mangled father home. Poor "Uncle Jerry!" Altho he lived on for a number of years, was never after the "mighty hunter," for which he was noted for many miles around.

This occurred when I was fifteen, and but two and

one-haf miles from my home. I personally nu all the parties mixt up in this awful fight, except the bear.

Another successful hunter of big game was "Adolphus Tryon," living one and one-haf miles from my home.

As packs of wolvs wer comiting numerous depredations, Tryon decided to set a large "trap" for them.

A fu days after, in searching for his cows in the forest, tho't he'd take a look at his trap, in which he found a large, black wolf caut by the fore leg.

The jaws of the trap had crusht the bones, and the brute had walkt round and round the trap until all the tissues of the leg wer severd, except the two principle tendons.

'Twas Sabbath afternoon, and the good man had no gun with him, and, fearing the game wo'd escape if he returned home for one, cut from a sapling a long "Club," and with a fu well-aimed blows on the brute's head quickly dispatcht him, then dragd the carcass home.

I went the foloing day to see the "catch." 'Twas the largest wolf that had ever been seen in that region.

My father sent my brother, eleven years old (I was sick at the time), for the cows, three quarters of a mile away, thru an unbroken forest. Before finding the cows, our faithful dog "started" a two-thirds grown bear. The dog fought the bear so furiously, dodging the "swipe" of his paws, that bruin soon ran

up a tree, and my brother, with his cows, came home on "double-quick."

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### CHAPTER III.

IN November, 1846, I went on biznes for my father, eight miles distant. The noon hour had past when I started.

Enrout homeward, ni't aproacht (and a very dark and stormy ni't it provd), and when in midst of a three-mile forest, with only a winding trail to folo, and that fil'd with fallen leavs, I lost my way, and it goes without saying, spent that ni't in the woods.

Made a desperate efort to find my way out, but the ni't being so pitchy dark, no object co'd be distingisht, so was compel'd to prepare for the worst. Father had previously instructed us children, "The best thing to do" in numerous emergencies. Acting on those instructions, I felt my way 'mongst the giant trees until I found a clump of large trees growing from the roots of a decayd ancestor, found the "seasond" branch of a tree, from which I broke a heavy club, and commenct an all-ni't tramp around that clump of trees, using the club as a cane, and if occasion required, to defend myself from possible atacks of ferocious animals.

A chilling rain set in, fore part of evning. I wore a thin "blous," had no overcoat or other protecting

garment, and had but recently recovered from a "double-breasted" attack of "Typhoid Fever."

I dare not lie or sit down for a moment, noing I wo'd instantly fall asleep, and that ment a chill, that might produce fatal results.

So, when my legs wo'd carry me no longer, wo'd lean against my group of trees and rest a bit, then resume my tramp. Often during the ni't co'd be distinctly heard the sound of wild animals roaming the forest, but none molested me.

When daylight came, found my way out of the jungle and home. My precious mother was greatly alarmed when I met her at our door, for she fully suposed I had stopt over ni't, three miles away, on farther side of forest.

She hustl'd me into a warm bed, and so tenderly cared for and nurst me during the day that I was never the wors for impromptu "Outing."

The next month, December, was sumond at 9 P. M. to go nine and one-haf miles for a physician to attend a young man sudenly attackt with dangerous tonsilitis.

Had to walk one and one-haf miles in a wel-beaten snopath, to the hous of Lewis Kent, where I co'd obtain a hors.

When near centre of a haf-mile wood, I saw a black animal directly in my path, some fifty yards ahead.

Not choosing to walo' in the deep sno, in order to giv the beast the rite of way, I kept strate on,

walking rapidly 'til within five yards of him, when I rusht at him, and at same time yeld at top of my voice, thinking to fright him away, but the brute did not frighten worth a cent—but insted of runing, sprang onto me with such force he almost nockt me off my feet, seizd my arm in his jaws and thru me “right-about-face,” at same time utering a blood-curdling roar.

As the beast thru me around, his jaws slipt from my arm and he dropt to the ground, and I sprang backward, and continued to walk rapidly backward until I was at least one hundred yards away, then ran fast as my legs wo'd carry me until the hous was reacht, where was to obtain the hors—then took my lonely ride nearly all the way thru densest forests.

I never learnd what ferocious animal it was that attackt me.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

WHILE we wer living in “Franklin,” the spring after I was six, my father and mother, a sister three years my senior, and a brother fifteen months younger than me, and an infant sister, wer all attackt with “old-fashioned fever and ague.” A physician came but once, seven miles, to see them.

No nurse, or other assistance co'd be obtaind, as nearly all in that region wer ill of same disease, or wer caring for their sufering families, so I did the

only thing to be done—took sole charge of our sick household. Father had purchast for me a small ax. With it I cut dried branches of trees in the nearby forest, into “firewood” to be used in making hot tea, for that was indispensable when the “chill was on”—and there was not an hour in the twenty-four when some one of the five was not in the “shaking” stage, so a fire had to be kept continuously burning on the hearth, and by dear mother’s instructions I made the tea, and the toast when ’twas needed.

There was not an hour in the twenty-four when some one was not burning up in the “fever stage,” and must have cold water to allay the *quenches* *thirst*.

’Twas nearly one-haf mile to a spring, the nearest water that was drinkable. I bro’t it in a six-quart tin pail.

Was on the road to or from the spring fuly haf the time during the day, and till late into the evning.

’Twas about six weeks before my invalids co’d assume self-care.

My precious mother wo’d often call me to her bedside and, with arm about my neck, kiss me over and over again, at same time speaking encouraging words, while tears of pity rained down on my childish head.

Before I co’d be releast from this strenuous service, severe pain develope in my right arm. When our family was fairly on road to recovery, and I co’d rest a bit, the pain had become intens, and a physician was consulted. His finding: “A tumor develope in the

anterior muscles of right arm, size of a large almond, and it, with the pain, was the result of overstrain."

Paralysis of the arm soon develope, compelling me to carry it in a "sling" for a length of time, and full use of the limb did not return for a year after, and 'twas fifteen years before the tumor had entirely disappeared.

In the folowing spring came my turn with that fearful malady, "Fever and ague!"

Having by nature great vitality, my system long resisted the killing effects of malarial poisoning

But it caut me at last, and held me, as in a vise, for twenty-eight days unremittingly. Was all that time raving with delirium. When 'twas over, and reason restored, I co'd recall the sensation as of having all my limbs torn from my body.

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## CHAPTER V.

AS PREVIOUSLY stated, I was eight years old when we made our home in Ingham County.

I then commenct life in earnest, with my ax felling trees, and "hanspike" on my shoulder, helping roll logs into great piles, in order to burn them, and thus "clear the land," so that crops co'd be grown. When nine, I bilt the first stack of hay on the new farm, under personal supervision of my father.

At twelve, I commenct "swinging the sythe" in the haying field, also splitting logs with hevy "beetle and wedges" into rails with which to fense our fields of

grain, etc., against destruction by wild and domestic animals. 'Twas a high fense a wild deer co'd not scale; yet we, at times, succeeded in excluding them.

Deer, wild turkeys, and raccoons wer our crops' most destructiv enemies.

Father wo'd send me to chase deer and large flocks of wild turkeys from our grain-fields.

Two deer enterd a large field one summer day, thru an open gate. Several lads, including myself, discovered them, and for a time we had rare sport in chasing the beautiful animals around that field until, after making several circuits, they discovered a panel of the fense lower than elsewhere, and with an extra effort leapt over, and awa into thicket of a nearby swamp.

The young fawns we captured in early springtime wer quickly tamed and became our most valued play-felos. Of all young animals they are surely most beautiful, most charmingly graceful. The forests wer literally alive with deer, and, as they had never been hunted by whitemen (the nativ Indians are most careful never to frighten wild game), we co'd walk right up within ten yards of a flock of deer while they wer gazing at us with their great, wondering eyes, and manifesting no alarm.

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## CHAPTER VI.

THE entire "Lower Peninsula" of Michigan was divided, by Government survey, into mile-square blocks, called "sections."

Father purchast of the United States Government the "southwest quarter of section 14," and "the south-east quarter of the northwest quarter" of the same section.

Then the six-mile-square Townships wer designated by "number"; "names" had not yet been assigned them.

Our wildernes farm for a number of years was at end of the "trail."

Father was elected "supervisor" of our town, and servd two years, and during his term the name "Alaiedon" was given the Township.

Each of the sixteen Townships composing a county, elected one "supervisor."

I wel recall the frequent meetings of those sixteen men at the "county-seat," "Mason," six and one-half miles from our home, during the first year of father's term, when names wer being selected for the individual townships.

Not all those sturdy pioneers had sufficient education to fulfil the duties of office—and father had frequent calls, after expiration of his term, to lend a helping hand to those not fuly equipt for their work.

The summer after I was fifteen, was attackt with Typhoid Fever, and for one week it was feard hemorrhage from the nose wo'd prove fatal. The best physician in that region was sumond. He was not a "Graduate," and if my precious mother had not known more than he, I surely wo'd hav died. Her tireles watching, day and ni't, bro't me thru.

At age of eleven, my "Grand-father Hait" visited us from our old home in the "East"—came by stage from nearest point on railway, thirty miles distant, to a point eight miles from us, and I went with an ox team and bro't him and his baggage to our home. He remained thre weeks with us, then started back, and my brother, younger, and self went with the cavalcade to the eight-mile station, then drove the ox team back home.

On way home one of steaks that held the "box" on "body" of the great lumber-wagon was lost, so I cut down a small sapling, and made a new stake. Also a tree had fallen across our trail, and I had to cut a roadway around it. But we wer hapy in spite of our misfortunes, for had not "Grand-pa" bro't us all lots of nice things from our old home in "York State"?

The foloing winter father employed a young woman to teach a school in our house, to which our neighbors also sent their children.

The winter I was thirteen I went from home, workt for my board and atended school. Both man and his wife where I boarded wer sick in bed most of time, so I often had to cook for them, as wel as for myself, for no help co'd be obtained.

This, with milking two cows, feeding two or three times daily thre separate lots of cattle on the farm, a flock of sheep, and a lot of pigs and chickens, besides chopping all the wood to burn in a great "Dutch" fire-place in the log shanty, it goes without saying I had a pretty strenuous time of it that winter, but I

was the hapiest lad in Ingham County, for I was *at school!*

I had also to hawl the logs from which I cut the wood from a nearby "Follow," and the only help I had that winter in my work was two boys older than myself, from a near nabor, who assisted me in loading the logs onto an ox-sled, in the forest, and unloading them at the wood yard.

Most of my wood chopping and hawling was done by moonlight, or lamplight.

The next winter I "boarded at home" and attended school, over two miles away. Again I had a strenuous time. I coaxed and wheedled my brother, fifteen months younger than self, into my plans.

There was a whol lot of stock to be cared for, cows to be milkt, firewood in large quantity to be cut.

First, the trees must be feld in the forest, hawld to the wood yard, and cut into proper lengths, and carried into the hous. Most of woodcuting in forest and at home was done by moon, and lamplight.

Before commencement of school, the "threshing machine" had been to our hous and thresht out one hundred bushels wheat, and a lot of oats, etc. Brother and self had to "clean up" all that by lamplight (separate the grain from the chaff, by runing it thru a "hand fanning-mill"), for in that early day the "Separator" attachment to the threshing machine had not been invented.

And brother and I did all the above unaided, by lamplight also.

We allowd ourselves but fifteen minutes from our hous to the school, runing every yard of the way (over two miles). I co'd far outstrip brother in a foot-race, and was sure to be present at first tap of bell.

At that three months of school I completely memorized "Alney's School Geography and Atlas," besides paying ordinary attention to other studies.

During those two school terms I memorized all the principal facts recorded in "Hale's History of the United States." It was our "School Reader."

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## CHAPTER VII.

THE winter I was fifteen, went on horsback eight miles distant, to transact some important biznes. Sno was deep, and weather intensely cold.

I was thinly clad, and had been recently ill with malarial fever. When haf-way home, and just before entering the three-mile forest in which I had spent one desolate ni't, found myself chilld thru and thru, and decided to stop at a log cabin by the roadside, wher livd John Hay, ninety years old, and his good wife, and ask permission to spend balance of the ni't. They had retired.

My request was redily granted, and apologies made, for the only vacant bed was in loft of cabin, thru which the sno blu at a lively rate, and said bed con-

sisting only of a sack half-filled with cornhusks, two linen sheets, and counterpane. Fire on the hearth had burned out, so I could not get "thawed out" before retiring.

Soon as I crawled into bed, fearful "cramps" seized my legs. 'Twas my first experience with the malady.

I sat upright in bed and rubbed my legs in desperation, for I was in a fearful plight, with none to help.

I realized that, unless relief soon came, unless circulation of blood was promptly restored, I must chill to death very soon. Had never before been up against such a serious proposition. So, I prayed and rubbed my tortured and distorted legs with all the might left in me, and as the muscular spasms slowly yielded, could lie down, and soon fell asleep, not waking 'til dawn of day, and feeling as delightfully warm as tho' I'd been sleeping between two lovely warm blankets in my own bed.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

Not only did the vast forests of my adopted State abound in wild game, deer, bear, wolf, lynx, otter, mink, marten, muskrat, weasle, porcupine, rabbit, black, red, gray, and fox squirrels, raccoon, woodchuck, etc., and with wild turkey, pigeon, partridge, quail, woodcock, snipe, etc., but with "*Wild Indians*" also.

They frequently camped near our house, and we con-

siderd them a great protection against ferocious animals.

They wer all kind, sober, honest, and trustworthy, and wer always our good friends.

Often they came to our hous for food and for shelter during the night.

They frequently bro't us venison to exchange for other articles of food.

These Indians wer originaly from Canada, of "Ota-wa Tribe," and "Ogibwa Nation." "Okemos" was "chief" of those in our section. I nu him wel. Once met him while on a hunting trip, and during a pleasant chat askt his age. He replied, "one hundred snows"—(meaning one hundred years)—and he surely lookt it. He fo't with the British, under the great war-chief, Tecumseh, who was killd by Col. Johnson at battle of The Thames, Canada, October 5th, 1813, when United States forces wer commanded by Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison. Chief Okemos was blind in left eye, caused by sabre-stroke (in abov bat'l), just abov the eye, cleaving the skull. Another stroke of a sabre near virtex, cut thru outer table of skull.

The Chief, when caried from battlefield to a United States hospital, was supposed to be mortaly wounded, but good care bro't him around.

When convalescent, he declared: "Me no more fight Shemokoman"—(he'd never fight white man again)—and he never did, but was ever after our best friend, and trained his Tribe in same direction.

During the winter of 1845 and '46 the State Capi-

tol was movd from Detroit to Lansing, on "Grand River," at junction of "Red Cedar River," and giant forest trees wer rooted out to make room for the State Hous, a two-story frame building.

When the first "Bank" was establisht, the Directors so't to obtain the photo of Chief Okemos for "Vignette" on their checks.

They offerd him quite a sum of money if he wo'd allow his picture taken. For a length of time he refused, feard they wer seeking to do him bodily harm.

He came frequently and scrutinized the exterior of the "Car," and wo'd occasionally peek in at the open door, but days past e'er he was finaly bribed by a handsome lot of silver dollars to enter, and his picture secured. 'Twas a splendid likeness, and greatly admired by those personaly acquainted with the venerable chief.

These "natives" wer more redily civilized than most of Indians of the Northern States. Their "trail," that for centuries they had traveld from southern section of State to northern, past within one hundred yards of our hous. As "American Indians" always travel "single file," and their ponies as wel, this trail was beaten down eight inches belo the surface of the ground, and, being troden for ages, the bottom was unyielding to the foot as a rock. (It was eighteen inches wide.) A peculiar botanical phenomena was present in this trail, the bottom being carpeted with most silken grass, called "moccasin grass," and sed to be found only in the trail of the American Indian.

Ami surprised to find it not mentioned in "Woods' Botany."

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## CHAPTER IX.

My father, Rev. Isaac Seeley Finch, was an ordained minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was first to hold public religious services in a very large section of Southern and Central Michigan.

For several years he "Itinerated" on foot.

There wer no horses, and no roads over which 'twas safe for a hors to pass.

Father's usual program was: to hold religious services at the different "settlements" each Sabbath, walking twenty or more miles to do it. Often on those tours he forded rivers and waded swamps, waist deep, in water icy cold, and yet, in spite of privations and hardships endured, he livd to the ripe age of eighty-six and one-haf years.

A few years after organization of "Michigan Annual Conference," father became a member of it, and **did**, for many years, effectiv work.

The most distressing incidents conected with my childhood life wer to see my precious mother enduring the terrible suferings, privations, hardships inseparable to a "Frontier Life!" 'Twas only her unconquerable faith that "God does all things well!" "Makes no mistakes!" that ever caried her thru all

as on unseen wings, and preserved her precious life 'til her eighty-second year.

What an angel of mercy was she to vast numbers in that wildernes country! Often she deprived herself of greatly needed food, that she might carry it to the sick and destitute.

How often she walkt miles thru the unbroken for-est, that she might, with her own hands, minister to the sick and needy.

With what tireless, tenderest solicitude did she watch over us children, seven in all, caring for us—body, spirit, intellect—as only a God-fearing, consecrated mother co'd do!

She was in very deed an *angel in human form!*

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## CHAPTER X.

THE spring of 1845 was noted in the "Grand River Valley" for the large amount of "Maple Sugar" produced.

A nabor, assisted by his two sons, made 1,000 pounds. My brother and self, almost unaided, made 375 pounds and several galons of "Maple Sirup." When the season was about closing I secured father's permission to carry two galons of this "Maple Sirup" to Mason, our county-seat, six and one-haf miles distant, to pay for a year's subscription (\$2.00) for our weekly county paper.

'Twas about the time when serious trouble was brewing between United States and Mexico, and I *must* have direct news from "The Seat of War!"

The "war-correspondent" for this paper was son of our nabor, Mr. Stillman.

He held a commission in the United States Forces operating in Mexico.

My brother and self carried the sirup to Mason on foot, and paid for the paper.

Previously I had relied for news on New York *Weekly Tribune*, which I boro'd of a lad three years my senior, living two miles away. Early in our Civil War he enlisted in a Michigan regiment and died in a United States hospital. Was a brave, patriotic soldier, Edward Du Bois by name.

My father, strongly "anti-slavery," denounced the Mexican War as being fought in interest of Southern slavery, but I was sure "Santa-Ana," Mexican ruler, had grossly insulted "Uncle Sam" on several occasions, and 'twas high time he had a "sound thrashing!"

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## CHAPTER XI.

THE winter I was fifteen, we decided to bilda new hous.

Brother and I sawd a whitewood tree, thre feet in diameter, into "twelve-foot lengths," and hawld them on an ox-sled nine miles, to a saw-mill, wher

tha wer sawd into boards for siding, and into joice, etc., for the nu hous.

'Twas a pretty large contract for boys of our size, but the old "log cabin" had outlived its usefulness, and dear mother was deserving of a better home.

But our wel-begun project did not fully materialize, because father exchanged his farm for another, forty miles farther south, in far bet'r locality, with commodious hous, etc., and I returned back to my native mountains, that the pure mountain "Ozone" might eradicate "chronic malaria" from my system, and that I might find more advanced schools to attend.

Remained year and half, returned west, taught school, attended academy, clerked in drug stores, "Read Medicine" under supervision of the owners, who were physicians eminent in their profession, and under whose training I became quite proficient in diagnosis and prescription.

Became pretty well versed in the "Materia Medica" of those days.

Returned East on visiting tour, just before outbreak of the Civil War. Enlisted September 25th, 1861, as a "private" in "20th Regiment N. Y. State Militia," a military organization for the ten years previous.

We went to the "Front" in October, '61. I entered Hospital Department, was acting "Nurse," "Wardmaster," "Hospital Steward," "Physician," "Surgeon," "Chaplain." I did that which, at the time, needed most to be done.

Was urged to accept commission as Lieutenant in my

Regiment when we had been three months at the Front, but declined with thanks, telling the Committee that tendered me the position, that I co'd be of greater service to the Regiment wher I then was, than elsewher—a fact they saw verified many times after.

When my Regiment went into battle, my position was on the "Firing Line," to render "First Aid" to the wounded, apply "Tourniquet," temporary bandages, etc., place them on "Stretcher," to be caried to Rear by Hospital men, Drum Corps, etc.

Was in five of the battles under General Pope in Virginia, summer of 1862.

Was "taken prisoner" at close of Battle of Groveton, Va., morning of August 31st, while atending a large lot of wounded, who co'd not be removd from the battlefield, as our army fell back toward Washington.

These men, some of them of my own Regiment, entreated me, while tears ran down their bronzd cheeks, not to leav them and retreat with the army.

My answer was, "I'll remain and care for you, and go with you to Southern prisons, if that shal be our fate."

Had sent to the Rear all the wounded who co'd be either caried or asisted away.

Was working with all speed dresing wounds, when, as I straitened up for a moment's rest of my overstrained joints, I spied a group of Confederate officers riding up the acivity toward us, and I said, "I

fear we'r elected for Richmond now!" But I had learnd that a "Bold front" was best in war-time, so walkt rapidly out to meet them, gave them a military salute and, adresing the foremost officer, said, "We hav here under our care about two hundred wounded. If we are taken from them, they will perish for want of services we can render them."

"Will you kindly alow us to remain with them?"

He replied, "You shal not be molested in your work. I will give orders to our men now coming up to be posted as "Guard" around you, that they shal in no way interfere with you in your work. Go right ahead. We'r only too glad you had the courage to remain and care for your helpes men."

When I reported this to our wounded Boys, they cheerd loud as 'twas possible for men, almost bloodles, from their fearful wounds.

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## CHAPTER XII.

ABOUT August 23, '62, Dr. Tuthill, of Po'keepsie, our assistant surgeon, was attackt with typhoid fever at "Culpepper, Va.," and was orderd to a hospital in Washington.

Two days previous to Battle of Groveton, Surgeon Loughran, our head surgeon, was taken verry ill with "acute enteritis." (At the time, he was acting Brigade Surgeon.)

After I had tuckt the surgeon snugly in our ambu-

lance, he ordered me to assume his duties till he was in bet'r shape.

I was, at that time, nearly dead for want of rest and sleep, for the previous ten days our Regiment had been on "Forc't Marches" night and day, and had fo't thre battles.

During forty-eight consecutive hours of that time we rested but two hours, one night, and one hour the next night, and had not one mouthful of food to eat, or a spoonful of coffe to drink.

In the army, when meal-time came, and our "Haversacks" wer empty, we just "took up a buckle-hole in our belt!" In this instance, all the "buckle-holes" in *my* belt being used, new ones had to be cut.

At this great Battle of "Groveton" (foloing "Second Bull Run") we—my hospital men, drum corps, and self—endeavord to pick up all the helplesly wounded on the portion of battlefield assigned to us, and send or cary them to the rear, as our forces wer being driven back and, while doing this, two of my men and self sudenly discoverd we wer "Between the Lines," and in midst of a showr of bullets from both armies, and in addition the Rebs had sent a "Flanking" force thru a thicket of timber on our left, who pourd in a cross-fire, then minie-balls *seemed* thick as bees from a hive! However we didn't thro up our job, but kept right on with our work of "First Aid," and, miracle of God it surely seemd, neither of us rec'vd a scratch, altho both Rebel and Union bullets made sad havoc with the clothing we wore

The wounded from that part of the extended field we caried into a deserted farm-house, also filling sheds and out-buildings on an eminence to right and rear of our line of battle. Suddenly a Rebel batery began dropping shells all about us, and we had no "Hospital Flag" to display over the premises.

I had a lot with me but a few days before, but had used them all in protecting the diferent "Field Hospitals" on the several battlefields wher my Regiment had been "engaged."

But fortune favord us. Just at that moment I spied an Artilleryman passing us on "double-quick" (was carying "dispatches"). Instantly I orderd him to halt and unsling his knapsack. I snatcht out of it his scarlet blanket, tore off a strip about twenty inches wide (that wo'd make thre Hospital flags), gave back the abbreviated blanket to the soldier, and sent him on his way.

In a jify I had found a pole, to which I tied a flag, and in les time than required to tel it, my flag was waving ten feet abov peek of the farm-hous, and but one shel came our way after that.

When we enterd that battle, our Haversacks wer ful of rolls of bandage, and we had lots of Tourniquets, but long before night all wer used.

I went on a not very "still hunt" thru that hous, and found a "bureau" drawer full of old-fashioned linen sheets.

What a Godsend they provd to be! The bandages I made from them lasted the entire week we wer pris-

oners on that battlefield, and *saved many lives*. I tore them into three-inch strips, and my men rolld them.

At 9 P. M., August 30th, I ate my last "hardtack" and bit of salt pork, the only food entering my mouth from that date till eve of September 5th, except a piece of raw beef, size of one finger, and haf of a hardtack a wounded man gave me. He crawld out into a thicket and found a Haversack with a few crackers in it, and gave me one. I broke haf of it in small pieces and fed it to the most needy of my famishing boys, and ate remaining haf myself.

The piece of beef I receivd was size of two fingers, but I cut it in haf, and cut one part into small bits, and fed it to a soldier having the bones of both arms shatterd, then ate the remaining haf myself.

Sho'd hav stated abov that, at 10 A. M., August 31st, a squad of Confederate officers calld at our "Camp" and orderd me to accompany them, leaving that large lot of wounded men in charge of a very young "Assistant Surgeon," who had wanderd to our "camp" that A. M. They took me beyond extreme right of our battle-line, fuly two miles distant, to a large squad of wounded who had none caring for them, so I stept into the breech, and went immediately at the work before me. But the outlook was dark indeed. There was no food for those wounded, starving men!

But God had surely been there before we came, and had planted "Peneroyal" (an aromatic herb) all thru those fields. Here at the North it attains a hight

of six or eight inches, there it grew three times as high and thick as it could stand.

Those soldiers wounded in but one arm or hand I kept busy gathering this, breaking it into the wounded men's army cups, filling the cups with water from a spring ten rods away, and cooking it on rail fires these same boys kept burning for that purpose, and to keep those bloodless boys from being chilled to death by the cold rain falling, for many were clad only in shirt and drawers. Not one in twenty had either overcoat or blanket.

Soon as the "Pennyroyal Tea" was well cooked, each man received all he could or would drink of it. 'Twas quite wonderful how it revived and brightened up the men.

Always intense thirst immediately followed great loss of blood.

These brave, uncomplaining men took the tea with great relish, and declared over and over again it saved their lives! Many of my charge had nothing but this and cold water for eight days! And they had lost from their wounds more than half the blood in their bodies.

We placed our wounded in "tiers" on the side hill, one tier above another, and near feet of each row we kept the fires burning and the aromatic herb tea cooking.

I carried a good watch all through my term of service.

It occurred to me, soon as I took charge of those

men, to "time myself"—to look at my watch when I'd drop full length on the ground for a moment's rest, and when wo'd spring to my feet to help some poor suferer calling for aid; or, if too weak, a comrad calling for him, and found that, in six days and six nights, I had not fifteen consecutive minutes' sleep.

This stres of almost unceasing work and fasting reduced my strength to such a degree that, during the last forty-eight hours, 'twas with difficulty I co'd care for my men. And when my helpers wer sleeping at night, 'twas with utmost effort I co'd drag the smallest rail from the fence, several rods away, to the fires—yet they must be kept burning, or my brave boys wo'd chill to death before morning. I co'd not drag the smallest rail ten yards without becoming faint and blind, compeling me to lay flat on the ground till nature ralied a little, and so, after a time, wo'd reach the fire with my burden.

But God was on our side; for, of that large group, over one hundred, but one died in the week we wer there. A portion of his skull had been caried away by fragment of shell. He was not conscious of pain, and died four days after receiving the wound. We buried the remains on the field. All the rest livd to reach hospitals in Washington.

Hoping to find more "strength" in tea made from corn-stalks, than I obtaind from the peneroyal, procured a nice green stalk from a nearby field (from which all the corn had disapeared before our arival),

cut it into a cup and steep it long, and drank the "extract"—but far more harm than benefit was the disastrous result. Finally, our ambulances came on September 5, P. M., and bro't us a small suply of food, and took away to Washington our most desperate cases, and next day a train of fifty, composed of United States ambulances, fine coaches, gorgeous "Brouhams," etc., etc., that the Government had "prest into the service" for this occasion came and took away to Washington all that remaind of the vast thousands of our wounded from that fated field, seven miles in extent. I aided in placing the last man in the train, and was orderd to take charge of the train, while enrou to Washington, thirty-three miles distant. We started from that "Golgotha" at twilight, eve of September 6th, 1862, and reacht Washington, north end of "Long Bridg." at 3 A. M. on 7th. There we wer halted by the "guard," and I "reported" to our great-hearted "Surgeon-General," Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, in a temporary office, at end of bridg, waiting our arrival. As I approacht and saluted, he handed me a list of all hospitals in the city where there wer vacant beds, and location of each hospital. It took me just six hours to "quarter" that train load of wounded in perhaps a dozen diferent hospitals in widely diferent parts of that "city of magnificent distances."

When I had seen every man snugly tuckt up in a warm, comfortable bed, I enterd a hospital dining-hall, took a bowl of soup, etc., then "reported" to

"General Wadsworth," military governor of District of Columbia.

I knew the General well, as he had comanded our brigade in the field, and often visited our Regimental Hospital and lookt after the interests of our sick and wounded men, as tho they wer members of his own family.

A grand, brave, noble man was Gen. Wadsworth! He was killd while leading his division in the great battle of "The Wilderness," May 12th, 1864. Was informd that neither the General nor his son, an aid on the General's staff, holding rank of Colonel, ever rec'vd a dollar from our Government for their services, having abundant means of their own.

Was told that they furnisht their own horses, equipments, rations, forage for horses, etc.

The present "Speaker" of our State Assembly at Albany is grand-son of that greatest of patriots, Major General Wadsworth.

By my request, the General gave me a "pass" to visit the hospitals of Washington, Georgetown, Alexandria, Fairfax Seminary, etc., to look up the wounded and sick of my Regiment, and, if possible, to obtain tidings of my own brother, a member of 8th Michigan Infantry, but the object of my search was already filling a soldier's grave on battlefield of "Chantilly." Was killd eve of September 1st, while I was a prisoner on Groveton Field, and in distinct sound of the battle.

'Twas at Chantilly that those grand men, Generals

Karney and Stephens, wer killd. The former was leading the "Charge" when my brother was killd.

We had met ten days previous to my brother's death. My Regiment had been "on firing-line" twenty-four hours, and was relievd by members of General Stephens' brigade. I learnd they wer coming, ran over to their line, found my brother, and had delightful chat with him as they marcht toward the battle-line.

He was aged twenty-one years, was chock full of patriotism, was at peace with God and all mankind (except those who dared fire on "The Old Flag!"), and was fuly prepar'd for any fate.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

SPENT ten days visiting hospitals, convalescent camps, etc., then reported back to General Wadsworth's Headquarters.

Was allowd to retain my "pass," and stil treasur it in my "War Portfolio." Without such a request from me, my "pass" was *unlimited* as regards *time of return*, showing the wondrous kindnes of the dear old General. How his soldiers lovd him!

I was then orderd to report at "Camp Parole," near Annapolis, Md., forty miles northeast of Washington.

It had been recently establisht as temporary quarters for parold Union prisoners awaiting their "ex-

change." I had been very ill all this time with "Acute Enteritis," caused by trying to keep alive by drinking corn-stalk tea on the Groveton battlefield.

Soon as reacht the Camp, I enquired for the hospital, but none had yet been establisht. Reported to Lieut.-Col. Geo. Sangster, commanding camp. He directed me to "*Hors-shed No. 2*" as my quarters. These sheds the previous winter shelterd from the storm General Burnside's Cavalry.

Our bed was a pile of "hors-litter," and we had nothing to cover us, and the nights wer frosty!

One side of those sheds was open to the south, letting in the sun when it shone, but we chil'd to the bone at night. The boys, when they co'd get wood, kept fires burning a short way off, to which I wo'd sometimes crawl.

After remaining five weeks under hors-shed, was orderd to "Report for Duty" at the hospital just establisht. When I reported to Surgeon in charge, was informd that all posts wer filld except "third nurse in Ward No. 3."

I accepted, and was promptly installd. Found a lot of 'seasond soldiers on duty, most of whom had been seriously wounded in battle, and thus disabled for field duty. Had been orderd there to do hospital work. They wer brave, noble, fearles soldiers, but some of them had the misfortune to become "*very ill*" after each pay-day, and whenever money was at hand, so that they must be cared for, rather than caring for others. When this condition developd in the hospital

wards, I removd the outer clothing of ward-masters and nurses so afflicted, tuckt them up in bed, then assumed their duties until they wer "convalescent." This was surely a hard proposition to run up against. And so I workt all day and very often all night, yet was too ill to be out of bed, but those starvd, sick and wounded "Boys in Blue" must be cared for, so I went right on, and God smothed my way.

But how I prayd all the time; co'dn't help it!

I was a total stranger to every soul, and last in my post of Duty.

About January 15th, '63, when I had been on duty about two and one-haf months, ther came an order from the War Department directing that, all those men on duty at opening of hospital be examined, and if found unfited for "Military Duty" discharged from United States service—but, if found physically able, returned to their respectiv regiments.

While this order was being executed I was promoted to "Acting Hospital Steward," and orderd to go into camp and select men to fill the posts left vacant—ward-masters, nurses, cooks, store-keeper, etc.—with authority to employ whoever I chose, and to discharge, if found wanting.

After this shaking up and re-adjustment, all things ran smoothly for a time, but not for long was I to "keep out of hot water." During abov changes, our Head Surgeon resigned, and another was appointed to fill the vacancy.

He provd a *fiend in human form!* When but a

short time with us, on his "morning inspection" in Ward No. 2, a soldier siting on side of his cot, with wound in head exposing a portion of the brain, did not rise to his feet and "stand at attention." The surgeon curst him, and he curst in return—(was partially demented, on account of wound). Then this fiend orderd the "Guard" to take this haf-dead man out of the ward, lash him to flag-staff in front of "Fiend's" headquarters tent; then he caught the musket from the guard and beat the poor soldier on his wounded head! (I was absent from hospital at the time.)

Just at that time we had a "Citizen Chaplain" with us, Rev. B. F. Hamilton, of Andover, Mass. He, with many others, witnest this awful brutality, and went immediately to Col. Adrian R. Root, commanding "Parole Camp and Hospital," and "Preferd Charges" against the "Fiend," but nothing came of it. Not long after, a sergeant of a Massachusetts regiment was bro't us from a Southern prison, sufering from Typhoid Fever.

When convalescent, was siting on side of his cot when "Fiend" came thru on morning inspection. The sergeant was too weak to rise to his feet, so "Fiend" began cursing him, and he curst back.

"Fiend" sent for me, and orderd me to take the sick sergeant out of the ward in midst of a heavy sno-storm, place him on a barrel and keep him there three hours.

This was the last ward to inspect. Soon as "Fiend"

was out of that ward, I knew he wo'd ride away to his lodgings, thre miles distant.

I made pretense of being very busy geting that barrel into the position the "Fiend" orderd, helping dres the poor fellow, making other necessary arrangements until the "Fiend" had mounted his hors and was out of sight—then I put on the sergeant two overcoats, wrapt him in two largest hospital blankets, one covering his head completely, and a third to stand on folded, and tied around feet and legs, then plac't hot bricks to stand on. I piled cracker-boxes each side of barrel, and orderd two of our Guard to stand on those and "support" the sergeant, and thus prevent any posible fatigue. Before taking him from the ward, I gave the sergeant a "Hot Milk-punch," also two more during the thre hours was on the barrel. I watcht him personaly every moment, and soon as "Time was up," had Guard lift him off his feet and cary him into the ward (just as I had him caried out), and plac't him in bed—put hot bricks about him, had him thoro'ly rubd and wel cared for—and next day he was in fine shape, with no ill effects folowing his "incarceration."

When sergeant was able to travel, he aplyed to the "Fiend" for furlough to return home and recruit his strength. (Had been starving for months in Southern prison.) But "Fiend" refused. Then sergeant wrote his (Massachusetts) State Agent at Washington, who came next day with the desired "Furlough."

Thre months after, the sergeant returned with a

newly recruited Regiment, in which he was Lieutenant (having been promoted while home), while his old tormentor, the "Fiend," was in "Durance vile," Justice having finally overtaken him.

Thru the agency of "Miss Henrietta D. Williams," a lady of Boston, possessing great wealth, and highest position, the "Fiend" was put under arrest, lockt up for thre days, obtaind bail, and thre months after was bro't to trial, found guilty, and dismist from the United States service in disgrace.

Had I disobeyed the "Fiend's" order, my life wo'd doutles paid the forfeit, for he was bad thru and thru, and always chock full of bad whiskey. And I believed I co'd prevent all harm to my brave sergeant.

Miss Williams, abov referd to, came to us soon after the sergeant's "Snow-storm outing," and was in charge of the "Sanitary Commission" goods, sent for the comfort of our "parold prisoners." She soon detected the "Fiend" in this brute, went to Col. Root and "preferd charges." He was instantly arrested, etc., etc.

When Col. Root learnd that the "Hon. Charles Sumner" and "Vice-president Willson" wer close friends of Miss Williams, the Colonel "sat right up and took notice." Miss W. spent thre years at hard work in army hospitals, spending her entire income, which was large, during the Civil War, in aiding our sick and wounded soldiers, and was certainly one of the best, grandest women that ever ministerd to suffering humanity! And her life-long friend and com-

panion, Miss Phillips, of Andover, Mass., was a close second.

Soon as the "Fiend" was lockt up, "Dr. Wm. St. George Elliot," one of our Assistant Surgeons, was placed in temporary charge of our hospital. The folowing day I was requested to accompany our new "Chief" on his "Morning Rounds," and instead of frowns and dark forebodings, there was joy, hope, delight depicted in every face, and the universal sentiment often exprest was, "It's just like being lifted from hell, right up to heaven!" But twice before, had I heard such unbounded joy exprest.

At "Court-martial" of the "Fiend" at Baltimore, thre months after arrest, Miss Williams was on "witness-stand" two and one-haf hours, giving most damaging testimony regarding his brutality, and I spent thre hours in same grand work! But for some technicality conected with the trial, the "Fiend" wo'd been imprisond for long term of years, or hav been *shot!* as he richly deservd.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

'Twas strenuous service at "Camp Parole Hospital." In addition to selecting all employees, must supervise all their work in the wards, cook-houses, grounds, etc., look after all "Sanitary" interests—admit all new patients, assigning them to a certain ward and bed, and make out a "Card" to be atacht to head of their cot, containing name of pa-

tient, company, regiment, State, number of the ward, and of bed. On back of card was noted all clothing and equipments the soldier bro't with him.

Belo this was a blank space on which I wrote adres of nearest relative, and I immediately wrote them, or saw that a friend of patient wrote, notifying them of his presence with us. and condition.

Most of these men had been, for many months, in Confederate prisons, and no tidings to or from their friends in all that time. My letters bro't hundreds from the North to their lovd ones, long since given up as *dead*.

I did this letter-writing after all work was done for the day, and night arrangements made. On admittng patient I wrote down leading facts of his history as he related them, but if unconscious, I obtaind all facts posible from his comrads, if any; then sent them, with my own statements, to those longing for tidings.

Many wives, mothers, and sisters came, often on ten P. M. train, but the "Fiend" orderd me not to allow one of them to remain in vicinity of hospital over night, and 'twas two and one-haf miles to nearest hotel, at Annapolis, and no conveyance. But there was a large tent in which boxes of clothing, etc., wer stored. When lady friends came on last train, I had that tent cleard, and so filld with cots, there was no space between them, and often every cot was occupied. I placed a Guard at each end of tent, ten paces from it, protecting its occupants from all moles-tation.

Before arrival of "Fiend" next A. M. all was replaced and restored as before, and he never knew I "outflankt" him! In another important matter I outflankt him also.

The "Fiend" wo'd not allow one of those dying men a furlough, even to save their life!

When such a case was present, I sent all the facts to the Soldiers' State Agent at Washington, and always within thre days the furlough came, and the "Fiend" wo'd reek his vengeance by cursing, he knew not who.

Only a sight of those fearless, bravest, noblest of men, starvd to skeletons in Southern prisons, sho'd have melted a heart of stone! Undoubtedly he was a "double-breasted traitor!" disguised in Uncle Sam's Army Blue, that he might promote his infernal work undetected.

One month after "Fiend's" arrest, a grand man was plac't at head of our hospital, "Surgeon Fred H. Gross," son of Dr. Samuel Gross, Philadelphia's most noted surgeon.

He was an all-round man and gentleman, and kind and gentle as a woman, and brave as he was gentle.

What a joy, at this late day, to recall those noble men who workt night and day, at our hospital, from the humblest nurse, all the way up to Surgeon-in-Chief. And if conscientious, kindly, faithful work ever rought for God and humanity, it surely did at Camp Parole Hospital!

The names and grand work of "Lyman S. John-

son," "Milton M. Woodford," "Mr. Dill," etc., etc., are ever fresh on memory's page. Thousands have blessed them while *doing* that work. And when the day's duties were faithfully performed, and "night was nigh," how those men would *sing*! I heard nothing to equal it in the Army. Am sure their angelic songs wafted many a dying soldier straight thru the "Pearly Gates"! Woodford has already "entered there," Rev. L. S. Johnson is City Missionary for New Britain, Conn., and Friend Dill is farmer in Sullivan County, New York, and still an evangelist.

The "acute enteritis" from which I was suffering when I reported at "Camp Parole," past into a chronic state, disqualifying me for field duty, so was retained on duty at the hospital until my term of service had expired. When my duties became too arduous, on account of my depleted condition (weight less than 120 pounds, 160 when I entered the service), an assistant was allowed me, and I chose a Philadelphia boy, Wm. De Haven, who proved a most excellent helper in every way. By request of Surgeon Gross, I remained one month over my "Three Years Term," in order to get De Haven thoroughly posted and qualified to take the position I was vacating. I can say truthfully I never had left a home with so much reluctance as I did "Camp Parole Hospital." To leave my chosen work before the rebellious States were whipt back into the Union was disheartening indeed! But my physical condition was fast becoming critical, and home and rest were best, at least for a time.

When I reacht home, my best friends said, "Edwin can't live over a year." That was in November, 1864.

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## CHAPTER XV.

I REMAINED quietly resting for a year, then resumed my Medical Course—and after thre more years of hard study, including "Medical College Courses of Lecturs," etc., etc., I receivd my "Diploma" on March 1st, 1868, and on April 2d foloing, settled in New Rochelle. During the thre years was completing my medical course, was living near Rye Beach, N. Y., one and thre-quarter miles from railway station. During the college courses, I walkt to and from the train, six days in the week, taking 7.36 A. M. train for city, and was but twice late for that train (returning at 9 P. M.). On one occasion was askt to ride to the train. Driver said he'd surely be "on time." but he was not! In the other instance a "blizzard" came the previous night, filling my roadway waist deep with drifts, which I waded thru and reacht station one hour late, but my train to New York was *three* hours late.

During my sojourn at "Camp Parole," and for twelve years after, my pulse ranged between thirty-eight and fifty-two beats per minute, and my temperature was continuously belo normal, the result of enteric malady contracted while a prisoner on battle-field of "Groveton."

There being a dearth of physicians in New Rochelle when I came, had been here but three months when I was kept busy. One year before I came, a young M. D. from New York City opened an office here, and for a time did well—but an old craving for “stimulants” returned. He yielded to the tempter, and became a “public nuisance”—was arrested, tried and sentenced to White Plains Jail for one month.

Before I was well known here, 'twas noised about that I was the “Jail-bird,” that I had “servd out my ‘time,’ and had returnd to try it over again!”

Six months after I came, was working “night and day.”

The noble, grand man, and the most noted physician in Westchester County, Dr. Moulton, was then in active practice, tho seventy-five years old. Soon as he learned I “went to every professional call,” never asking if “pay was sure,” the good doctor turned over his night calls chiefly to me, and rendered me all the aid in his power.

During the five years he lived after I came, *he was like a father to me!*

During my fourth year in New Rochelle, while making calls during a stormy December day, was attacked with severe pain in left side of chest.

Was out all the following night, and before morning profuse expectoration containing blood had developed, and found myself suffering from “Pleuro-Pneumonia.” Was in continuous pain, making it impossible to sleep so, as I found no rest in bed, and profes-

al calls wer imperativ, I kept right on at work. Was out all of thre nights out of five, and, strange to say, at end of one week all pain had ceast, fever gone, and convalescence fuly establisht.

Several years after, an expert, in examining my lungs, found slight plural adhesions, but no harm has thus far come of it.

'Twas twelve years after setling in New Rochelle, before real improvment in my health developt, yet was not in bed thre days during that time, and atended every call regardles of my own physical condition, or condition of weather.

In December, '72, while driving up North Avenue, my horse was atackt with vertigo, dasht furiously down a steep hill, struck a tree, knockt my new carriage into kindling-wood, and I was pickt up unconscious. Soon as consciousness was restored, went on to my patient's house, made the "call," then continued profesional driving till eleven o'clock that night, thru an all-day and night December rain. Was in great pain when I reacht home. Next day calld on an eminent surgeon in New York City. On examination he informd me that two of my ribs wer broken, internal organs seriously injurd, and if I did not remain in bed two weeks at the least, I co'd liv but a short time. Remaind in bed the next day only, then went right on with my profesional work, and in time made complete recovery.

## CHAPTER XVI.

AT battle of Norman's Ford, Va., the first lively little fight for some of us, as Rebel shells began popping and plunging about us, one of the boys near me said, "This is pretty tough!" I replied, "It's just what we enlisted for."

Our Brig'd ambulances (parkt one and one-half miles in our rear) must be bro't to a farm-house, at left and rear of our "Line of Battle," to convey our wounded to "Rapahanock Railway Station," to be sent back to Washington hospitals.

I volunteerd to go for them. Shells from Rebel batteries wer making literaly a "plowd field" in rear of our line thru which I must pass. 'Twas a "lonely walk."

If you discredit my statement, just try it once, and see. 'Twas eighty rods across that "plowd field"; thru it I walkt. I knew many in my Regiment wer watching me, expecting I'd be "bowld over" by one of those Rebel shells. I wo'd not run, fearing our boys wo'd think me rattled, but walkt rapidly 'til reacht a point of woods, then turned to the left and ran like a trooper the remaining mile and quarter—bro't up the ambulances on "double-quick" to the farm-hous, and enrout we past thru firing-zone of a Rebel battery, but escapt harm. On reaching house

I was instantly askt, "Have you a hospital flag? A shell just past thru the house, another struck the chimney, but did not explode."

Right at hand was a fifteen-foot pole. With strip of bandage I fastend one of my flags to it, sent one of my drivers up a tall poplar, pusht the pole after him; he pusht it far abov tree-tops, lasht it fast, and no more shells came that way. Then I started for my Regiment. It was "suporting a batery," and while enroust, a Rebel sharp-shooter "drew a bead" on me, but his bullet fell short, struck the ground and glanced over my head. A few grains of powder wer lacking.

While my Regiment was on the march, 'twas my duty to pick up every soldier who "fel out" (became exausted), and put him in "Regimental Ambulance." When that was full, plact them on bagage-wagons (each Regiment had one or two). When they wer filld, as sometimes hapend on "forc't marches" in hot weather, I wo'd pres into the Service "the able-bodied men," who wo'd lend a hand to their exausted comrads, and I sometimes, if occasion required, lockt arms with two used-up men, shoulderd their rifles and equipments and bro't them into camp, for if left in the rear, Rebel cavalry wer pretty sure to "gobble them up," and hustle them to "Southern prison-pens."

## CHAPTER XVII.

DURING winter of 1861 and 1862, at Upton Hill, Va., we had many cases of typhoid fever, and when a case was nearing the "crisis," the utmost caution was required, and day and night watching by an experienced eye, to prevent fatal collapse. So, during the months of January and February, I failed to obtain half the sleep nature required. Both our surgeons, Dr. Loughran, and Assistant Surgeon Dr. Tuthill, were men of fine natural and acquired ability, and were ambitious to win the best "Regimental Hospital Record" in our department, and they succeeded. They were most careful, alert, painstaking men, and required same of all their subordinates.

In February, "measles" of severe type became epidemic in "Army of Potomac." We had ninety cases in our Regimental Hospital at one time. Two cases only proved fatal.

They "broke out" while on "videt" duty, and for forty-eight hours could not be relieved, and were all that time exposed to a real blizzard of snow and sleet.

On account of severe form the disease assumed, our surgeons required all cases to remain in hospital fourteen days, 'til thoroughly well. This was not pleasing to the convalescents.

They *felt* well, and to their "Quarters" they *must go*, but a "Guard" confronted them at each end of Hospital Tent and turned them back, greatly to their annoyance.

Then they tried pulling up the tent-pins on *sides*, and crawling out that way—but every man was bro't back by a Guard sent for them. Then I posted a Guard at *each side* of each tent as well, making four guards to each of the eleven hospital tents.

It required a lot of men for this duty alone, but it paid, for in regiments where these, and many minor precautions, wer not taken, the mortality was apaling! as stated to us by the surgeons themselves.

During this, our first winter in the Field, Miss Dorothy Dix (sister of the great patriot, soldier and statesman, Gen. John A. Dix, who issued the famous order, "If any man hawls down the American Flag, shoot him on the spot!") was often in our hospital, taking orders for delicacies for our sick and wounded, for which they wer in great need. She was one of noblest of womankind. Spent her entire life in aiding the needy, and in all charitable work.

At that time Dr. P. P. Pineo, Profesof of Surgery in "Harvard University Medical School," was our "Brigade Surgeon." He "inspected" our hospital each week. Was a splendid man, and fuly capable. 'Twas my privilege to assist in his first "Capital" operation in our hospital. Amputation of right leg abov knee, for gunshot wound thru knee-joint.

Our "Brigadier General Wadsworth" also made us frequent calls. He was just like a father to us all!

During this first winter of the war, and our first experience with hospital tents, we found it impossible to secure proper ventilation.

Turning up "Flaps" at ends of tent bro't draft of air direct on the patient. Surgeon Loughran ript the seam in each end of tent, just belo the ridge, a perpendicular slit, fifteen inches long, then orderd me to place a stick horizontaly in center of this slit. I made a stick two inches wide, an inch thick, and nine inches long, cut a deep notch in each end, then plact it in the slit, stretching it wide open as posible.

This gave fine ventilation, and bro't no "draft" on the patients.

When "Medical Inspector" of Army of Potomac calld on us, he "sat up and took notice," and the next lot of hospital tents we rec'vd from the Government contained this "Latest Improvment."

As before stated, I enlisted in 20th Regiment, New York State Militia, September 25th, 1861, and I will say right now, that a better Regiment never wore the "Army Blue!" They wer true as steel, every one, from lowest Private to highest in rank. There was nothing they wo'd not "Do and Dare" in discharge of duty, whether under orders, or acting on their own initiative. On this account, when grand old General Patrick, our Brigadier General, was made "Provost-Martial General" of the Army of the Potomac, at close of battle of Antietam, September 17th, 1862, he askt of War Department that "The Old 20th" he aloted him for "Provost-Guard Duty," and the General's request was granted, and he retained us under his command almost to close of the war. He had seen, over and over again, the "20th Boys"

tried in the fiery furnace of war, and he nu absolutely that every man wo'd obey orders, whether under the direct eye of an officer, or sent alone a hundred miles away. And the officers of our Regiment wer the noblest type of military men! Unflinching in fiercest battle, they "*Lcd the way!*"

And they guarded, with utmost solicitude, the moral, as well as physical well-being of their men! Had I searcht the United States over, no better Regiment co'd been found with which to cast my lot.

'Twas often that my hospital duties prevented my securing rations for the day's march, but there was not a man that wo'd fail to share his last hardtack with me, or with any other comrad. They all had a care for "*The other fellow.*"

Grandest men they wer, every one of them *God bless them.*

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#### SCRAP NO. I.

My first "4th of July Celebration" was in that wilderness country when I was a small lad. Our neighborhood decided to "celebrate" at a log school-house, two miles distant. My sister helpt make the "Flag," my cousin made the "Liberty-pole" from a tall sapling, with bark shaved off; then engineerd the "Flag-raising"—and improvised a "Cannon."

And his father, my father's brother, Rev. David Finch, deliverd the "Oration." We marcht and sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "My Country, 'Tis

of Thee" ('twas all the music we had), and we cheered ourselves hoarse.

The next summer my brother and self walkt six miles to atend a "Celebration," and had a glorious time!

The "Orator of the day" went to the Mexican War, and contracted disease there, of which he died.

#### SCRAP NO. 2.

At age of seventeen, returned to my nativ home, and went first to look thru the old hous, fast becoming a "ruin." Took a look at the window where my "hay-rake" broke the "light" of glass as I, a four-year-old, marcht past, with the men to the hay-field. And there was the old apple-tree, from which I had nockt and eaten the haf-grown apple. And I lookt for "little Miss Wren's nest," nearby, and where the old gray duck hatcht her brood, on bank at lower edge of lawn—and the brook where I had watcht the ducklings taking their morning bath—and wher, in plunging my hand into the water, to pick up a peble, my arm seemd "broken" just at surface of the water, which gave me a great fright. And there was the same lilac bushes from which I had gatherd the fragrant flowers—and bunches of my favorite "daffodil." Wandered also away into the wood-lot pasture-field, and gatherd a lot of "wintergreen berries" just where "we urchins" used to fill our tin cups with both foliage and fruit.

And in that wood-lot was (aparently) the same old "Whip-poor-will" that had charmed me by his nightly melody so many years before. And he (or one of his descendants) is there still, for last July ('08) I listend to his sweet melody again.

SCRAP NO. 3.

As brother and self wer driving one of those "logs," twelve feet long and three feet in diameter, to the "saw-mill," our sled upset, and no help near, and we needed none, for we made our ox-team do the trick, pulling sled with the monster log on it, "right side up with care"; then went on our way rejoicing.

'Twas a hard, rough school, but we learnd, while very young, to surmount difficulties.

SCRAP NO. 4.

At times hospital cooks wer not wel posted in art of preparing delicacies for sick and wounded men; so, if occasion required, I wo'd, after cooks had "turned in," rebuild fire in cook-tent, pulverize a "hardtack," make a dish of gruel, or a "pudding," adding sugar, flavoring, etc.; then "brue" a cup of tea, and surprise my brave boys with the midnight lunch I bro't them. Sometimes 'two'd be a plate of "milk toast," minus the milk and butter.

It seemd that, nothing I had ever learnd in earlier life but I found it of service to some one in the army.

## SCRAP NO. 5.

In our Regimental Hospital our surgeons instructed me to assume their duties in an emergency during their absence.

Our Brigade Surgeon placed me in full charge for one week, of a hospital at Falls Church, Va..

## SCRAP NO. 6.

How often, during my boyhood days, while tramping thru dense forests alone, at dead of night, has my hair (aparently) lifted my cap from my head, when some large wild animal wo'd suddenly spring from beside my path, and dash away into the thicket, crashing dead branches under their feet as they ran.

The only large game I ever killd was (when I was fourteen) a splendid five-year-old buck, as shown by his fine "antlers."

## SCRAP NO. 7.

Before we left battlefield of "Groveton," where I was on duty, a Confederate officer came and required every man to sign "parole papers." I objected, stating that, as I understood the "Cartel of Exchange" between "Confederate States" and the United States, he sho'd not hold me a "prisoner of war," as I belonged to Surgeons' Staff and was a "non-combatant." But the officer very brusquely said, "Put down your name, sir," and at that moment a Rebel guard behind me struck me a heavy blow with butt of his gun, and "I signed!"

## SCRAP NO. 8.

In April, 1862, we marcht from a point near Alexandria, Va., across the country to Fredericksburgh.

Establisht our hospital in deserted dwelling, on north bank of Rapahanock River, opposit the city.

A number of our sick men found it imposible to eat the "hardtack and salt pork," so I determined to investigate.

By inquiring of "Contrabands," was told there was a mill that ground wheat and corn, thre miles distant.

We had just been "paid off," and I rec'd a \$2.50 gold piece (the last gold I saw for many years). Took my "Quarter-Eagle" and two haversacks (each wo'd hold eight quarts) and started for the mill. As rain was pouring down, coverd myself and "grist" with my rubber blanket. Followd a foot-path that led across country to the mill. "Mr. Miller" filld one sack with wheat flour, the other with corn meal, for which I paid him one dollar. On return, hired a colord cook to make biscuit, "Jonny-cake," "Hoe-cake," etc., and our hospital men, under my order, captured a "Rebel Cow!" and for nearly one week we "Livd in clover knee deep!"

Then came an "Order" signed by "Major General McDowel," commanding our (1st) corps, releasing that captiv cow from custody. (She gave rich milk in large quantity.)

As a "sequella" to that "order," the atmosphere

for several days after, in vicinity of our hospital, was exceedingly blue and sulphurous!

But how my sick and wounded men did thrive during that week they wer "living off the fat of the land!"

The owner of the cow we captured fled South with Rebel Army. His agent remaind and reported our "capture" to "Headquarters," and obtaind order for "captiv's" release.

#### SCRAP NO. 9.

During the summer of 1874 an epidemic of diphtheria swept over New Rochelle. I alone had over two hundred cases. 'Twas a very hot and wet summer, and there wer no sewers in our town. Nurses co'd not be obtaind, and parents and friends of the sick children wer so panic-stricken they co'd render almost no aid in cleansing and disinfecting throat and nostrils of the victims of the horrible disease. So I visited every three to six hours, night and day, the most serious cases, and cared for them myself, so that, for six weeks that the scourge continued, most of the sleep I obtaind was while in my carriage.

And, in doing this, saved many precious lives and secured a clear conscience, which is a priceless treasure!

#### SCRAP NO. 10.

Will relate one remarkable case that occurd in my Regiment. H. H. Terwilleger, of Ellenville, N. Y..

then Sergeant; after, Lieutenant in "E" Company, 20th N. Y. S. M., in Battle of Groveton, August 30th, 1862, was shot clean thru the body, the ball entering his left side, past thru the stomach, glancet upward passing thru right lung, thru liver, then out and thru right elbow, shattering the joint completely.

His Regiment was charging the enemy on "double-quick." The Sergeant's position was two paces in rear of his battalion, so that no one saw him fall. As he fell, he became unconscious. When consciousness returned, to prevent bleeding to death then and there, Sergeant reacht with his left hand round to his right hip pocket, dru out his handkerchief and, aided by his teeth, tore it into strips and plugd the wound in left side, then the wound in right side, then plugd the two wounds in his right elbow. Just as Sergeant had finisht, a member of his Company was crossing the battlefield on "double-quick," "bearing dispatches," and, seeing the Sergeant's plight, halted to giv him aid.

Sergeant said, "Bishop, fill all the chambers of my revolver with cartridges, then set me up against that tree. You say Rebel cavalry are coming in this direction. Before they take me prisoner I'll pump all the lead in my revolver into them, for I'll surely die if I fall into their hands, so will sell my life dearly as possible."

Was there ever recorded such conquest of mind over matter?

Such heros saved this grand country of ours from destruction!

"Did the Sergeant die?" No! You can't kill a man with such *pluck and unconquerable will!*

Lieutenant Terwilleger is a fairly well man to-day and *always happy*. For one whole year the Lieutenant fought for his life. "inch by inch," then the tide turned in his favor, and slowly he climbed back to health.

In summer of 1864 he rejoined his Regiment at the front, during the siege of Richmond. Said he was bound to hav one more whack at the Rebs, for he "had a serious score to settle with them."

#### SCRAP NO. 11.

In my account of a tuff night spent in pioneer's log cabin, I incidentally remarkt that I *prayd* while rubing my crampd, distorted limbs. And who, 'mongst all the peoples of this earth, needs, as much as a physician does, to pray.

Hav often said I'd never dare shoulder the tremendous responsibilities of an M. D. if I co'd not pray—if I had not faith in a higher, wiser, stronger Being than myself.

A "Refuge in time of storm." A "Strong Tower." "The Shadow of a Great Rock in a weary land." An "Ever-present Help." A "Sun and Shield." An "Eternal Reward."

#### SCRAP NO. 12.

The most restful, refreshing, rejuvenating thre

hours' sleep I ever enjoyd was in midst of lively cannonade.

We had been twenty-four hours on the "Firing-line" and, being "Reliev'd" by another Brigade, wer orderd to fall back and take much-needed rest—but the point to which we wer orderd was still in direct line with enemies' artillery, and Rebel shells wer plunging about us at a lively rate, but *I* must secure sleep—was haf-dead for want of it—so selected a large oak tree, and thru myself on the ground with that tree as a shield from the enemies' shells that wer exploding momentarily about us.

And I instantly fell asleep, and did not waken till thre hours after, when our Brigade was orderd to move. Shal never forget how thoroly rested and refresh't I felt when was wakend to take my place in the line.

'Twas a singular fact, that never once during my thre years and one month service did I dream of a battle, or firing of a gun, nor of a sick or wounded person—of the march, or of aught pertaining to military life. But I had not been home three weeks before my nights wer made hideous by visions of all these terrors!

During my term of service I never askt for, nor receivd, a furlough, and was "Off Duty" but thre days from sickness.

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'Twas my good fortune to have, for years as patrons, while they remaind in vicinity of New Ro-

chelle, Mr. Reynolds, of Pelham Manor, world-famed as mechanical and mining engineer, and Mr. Hillman, of City Island, a noted marine architect.

Mr. Reynolds was "Ericsen's" chief "aid" in constructing the engin and turret of our first turreted war vessel, the "Monitor," that fought to a finish the Rebel iron-clad, "Merrimack," in Hampton Roads, Va., on March 9th, 1862.

During the last three weeks of construction, Mr. Ericsen, the originator of the "Monitor," was stricken dangerously ill with inflammation of brain and raving delirium, from over-strain of mind and body, in efforts to complete his little craft, and get it to the seat of war before our fleet of battleships was entirely destroyed by the enemy.

This illness of Ericsen placed entire responsibility of completing the vessel on Reynolds & Hillman.

And they provd equal to the occasion, for they workt literal, night and day, for twenty-one days with, as they individualy told me, almost no sleep or rest till they had the "Monitor" completed and on its way south to do its valiant work.

The day before it reacht "Hampton Roads," Va., the Rebel iron-clad, "Merrimack," had attackt and sunk two of our largest war vessels, the "Cumberland" and "Congress," and had pland, on foloing day, to complete the destruction of balance of our Fleet then anchored in Hampton Roads, etc.

But when morning came, and the "Merrimack" came out from its anchorage of the previous night,

there lay the little "Monitor" all ready to dispute the right-of-way with that huge leviathan.

'Twas like the giant Goliath coming out to annihilate the stripling David. And results wer the same in both cases.

With what "neatness and dispatch" did Ericson's "Little cheesebox" do up the huge "Merrimack," history fuly illustrates.

'Twas also my privilege to care profesionaly for the family of Lieutenant Commander Dexter, one of the naval officers, who wer in command of the "Monitor" during that memorable battle.

By the way, Sho'd not this nation know and hold in grateful remembrance those two men, Reynolds and Hillman, thro whose superhuman efforts that memorable and far-reaching victory was made possible?

Sho'd not Congress take special note of their grand work, and devise means for its adequate reward?

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Finally: To my young friends may I be permitted to say, Be good!

Whatever may be your social, or financial, status in life, *be good!*

Do not fail on that point, for failure there makes *Life* a failure!

Improve your time conscientiously!

“Time was, is past, thou canst not it recall;  
 Time is, thou hast, employ the portion small.  
 Time future, is not, may never be!  
 Time present, is the only time for thee.”

“What conscience dictates sho’d be done,  
 Or warns me not to do  
*This*, teach me more than hell to shun,  
*That*, more than heaven pursue.”

“It is being, and doing, and having, that make  
 All the pleasures and pains of which mortals partake :  
 To do what *God* pleases—  
 To do a man’s best.  
 And have a Good Heart  
 Is the way to be blest.”

“Do good always, to all!  
 Help the other fellow!”

## PART II.

### Outlines of My Professional Work.—A Few Cases from My Notebook.

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#### “SPECIAL TREATMENT” FOR PNEUMONIA, PLEURICY, BRONCHITIS, ETC.

COMMENCE treatment with “Thermal Bath,” when practicable. If not, give “Regulation Foot-bath.” After bath do not dry the patient, but place in bed between wool blankets, put hot water bottles on each side, from shoulders to feet. Cover with several blankets. Patient must be kept in profuse sweat until all sanguinous expectoration has ceased, and bland mucus only remains. Take two all-wool flannels, white—one for chest, other for back, and reaching from neck to waist-line, and meeting under arms—saturate with “Chest Lotion,” and apply warm. Renew every 12 hours. Cover with jacket made of four layers of white wadding quilted between two layers of “Cheese-cloth,” making a complete jacket which, when once put on, need not be removed till patient is well. The re-saturated flannels can be nicely adjusted underneath the jacket, without fatigue and

annoyance of its removal. Rubber bags, re-filled with hot water every 3 hours, must be constantly applied to chest and back, until all traces of blood have left the sputa, and all pain has ceased.

Temperature of the room must *never be below*  $72^{\circ}$ . May range between  $72^{\circ}$  and  $76^{\circ}$ .

No outside air must enter patient's room direct, but thru adjoining room. No "draft"—even that produced by fanning the patient—can be allowed.

This treatment sends congested blood back into channels where it belongs, unloading engorged organs.

*Steam should moisten air in patient's room. It's an indispensable aid.*

### "INTERNAL TREATMENT" FOR PNEUMONIA, PLEURISY, BRONCHITIS, ETC.

ADD 4 oz. hot water to each of three bottles.

To No. 1 add 7 drops each of Tr. Aconite Root, Tr. Belladonna, and Tr. Bryonia Alb.

To No. 2 add 15 gr. Potass. Iodid. and 7 drops Tr. Nux Vom.

To No. 3 add Fld. Ext. Scilla Cor. and Fld. Ext. Witch Hazel (the black extract), 6 dr. of each.

Shake well, and give Teaspoonful every  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour alternately (commencing with No. 1), until no blood remains in sputa, then every hour till temperature, pulse, respiration and respiratory murmur are normal. Clear system speedily as possible, and keep it clear of "sewage."

Give 4 to 6 grains quinine, in soft capsules, at 9 A. M. and 3 P. M. This counteracts depletion from prolonged sweating, and rapid clearing away of "sewage."

*Dict.*—Hot milk, hot as can be sipped down, wine-glassful every  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, so that patient takes large gobletful every 3 hours, night and day, or its equivalent in ice-cold Kumyss (Dr. Brush's), or  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful Armour's or Valentine's concentrated fluid beef extract in wineglass hot or cold water, with flavoring if desired. Feed "little and often," then the stomach will not go back on you, and the heart will not fail in bearing its part of the burden.

In case of excessive debility, or advanced age, *add whiskey to the hot milk*. Ounce best whiskey to each goblet of hot milk. Add sugar if desired. I allow no "bathing" in pneumonia, etc., except "Thermal Bath," and "Foot Bath," as above stated. Alcohol, or other cooling lotions may chill the patient, then comes "Relaps."

The outline of this treatment for pneumonia, etc., I learned from surgeons of my Regiment in the Civil War.

And the "Hospital Reports" of our Military District gave our Regimental Hospital the lowest percentage of fatal cases. 'Twas night and day work, *but it paid*. Those surgeons "had a care" to *every minutia*. And they required the same vigilant outlook of all their subordinates.

I have elaborated this treatment, as opportunity and

conditions seemd to require, and my success has been most gratifying. (A few cases are appended.)

Quite a number of years since (about 1874) during unusually cold, wintry weather, pneumonia was said to be epidemic thruout the country. For a time, in New York City, deaths from pneumonia wer one-third as many as from all other acute maladies combined. That winter I had twelve cases sufering with that disease, who wer 75 years old, or over, and my "Special Treatment" for chest diseases brought each of them thru, making them well as previous to the attack. This was before "Grippe" struck our shores. Since that awful scourge came, it's twice as difficult to cure pneumonia as before, yet "Special Treatment" does the work, aided, in serious cases, by "Comprest oxygen," which I order when *first sumond—when patient has strength to utilize it.*

Pneumonia is a disease that brooks no delay, no dilly-dally methods. If we are to insure our patient's recovery, we must rain on this Monster "Hot and heavy blows" from all points of compass at once, stoping instantly its killing work.

Often when sumond, hav found the patient almost dying with fright, fully convinct their "death-warrant was already signed and seald!" After examination, hav generally replied to their beseeching question, "Yes, you are sufering from pneumonia, but if you and your nurses will carry out to the letter all my instructions, *you can't die if you try!* Banish all

fear! Have faith and hope instead. Trust the good God, and me."

And 'tis truly delightful to see courage and hope supplanting despair.

"Confidence on both sides" is a mighty "good thing to hav around" while battling for the life of a fellow-being in the grasp of this dread monster.

#### CASES I AND 2.

Maggie D. and Mary H., age 5, wer attackt with measles and double pneumonia at same time. Wer both cyanotic. At end of one week, their attending physician pronounced their condition hopeless. I was then call'd, commenc'd "Special Treatment," and in fourteen days Mary was well, and Maggie had fuly recovrd in thre weeks, there was, in her case, pleuritic complication. They are well women to-day, and mothers of strong healthy children.

#### CASE 3.

On December 28. 1890, a sharp ring of telephone sumond me to Mrs. S. A., age 23, mother of two children. Found her bolsterd upright in easy chair, and sufering from such excessiv dispnoea there was great discoloration of entire body.

On inquiry, learnd attack developt thre days previous. Orderd hot milk and whiskey, all patient co'd take, and placed feet in "Regulation foot-bath," with quilt covering, to retain heat and steam. Examination reveald double pneumonia, with pleuritic inflammation on right side.

Forty hours after I commenct treatment, patient gave birth to a seven-pound "girl baby" at full term. Her temperature was then  $104\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ ,  $\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  less than on my first call. Pulse 160, same as at first. The general discoloration, darker than dark mahogany, was unchanged for about four days. All treatment continued as commenct, till pulse and temperature wer reduced to 100, then doses wer less frequent, and but one "Little Black Pill" for bowels each night.

At commencement of treatment, both lungs wer flooded with mucus, which patient was too weak to expectorate.

Thirty hours after, free expectoration of "rust colored" mucus was establisht. On sixth day after I was sumond, temperature and pulse wer normal, cough greatly abated, lungs clearing rapidly, appetite returning, and in all particulars patient was on high road to complete recovery. But one untoward circumstance occurd during treatment. After all sanguinous admixture had disappeared from mucus, a window was open full hight, within two yards of patient, a chill quickly developept, sanguinous expectoration and pleuritic pain returnd, but in less than twelve hours this relaps was nipt in the bud, and convalescence re-establisht.

#### TREATMENT.

To each of three bottles I added 4 oz. water.

To No. 1 added Fld. Extract Ergot and Hamamelis in such quantity that 2 Teaspoonfuls containd 15 drops of each drug.

To No. 2 added Trs. Aconite, Bryonia Alb. and Nux Vom. sufficient to give in 2 Teaspoonfuls;  $\frac{1}{4}$  drop of each drug.

To No. 3 added "Germicide" (of which the same dose contained 4 drops), and 15 grains Iodid. Potash.

*Dose.*—Two teaspoonfuls every  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour alternately, commencing with No. 1, next  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour No. 2, next No. 3, etc., etc., and continued night and day, for medicine and nourishment were of greater service then, to the patient, than sleep.

Patient took also six grains Bi Sulphate Quinine, in capsule, every six hours.

Took two "Little Black Pills" each night. Gave hypodermic of morph. sulph. over region of extreme pleuritic pain. Air in room was kept at  $80^{\circ}$ , and continuously saturated with steam. "Ventilation" was thru open door into a hall-way, and in further end of it, a window was kept open. (In treating pneumonia, I never allow outdoor air to enter the sick room direct, except in hot weather.) Ordered bottles filled with hot water placed each side of patient from shoulders to feet, and refilled every 3 hours. Ordered four pads made, size 12 x 18 inches, with wheat bran quilted in, making each pad  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick. These were applied hot, over flannels saturated with "Chest Lotion," and placed over chest, anterior and posterior, and re-saturated three times daily, and applied hot as could be endured, and the pads changed every  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, hot ones for cool.

The only nourishment given was hot milk, a gob-

letful every 3 hours, each goblet containing one ounce best whiskey. (I do not prescribe stimulants for those suffering from pneumonia, except in extremely bad cases, or for the aged.) As patient could not breathe when in a prone position, I had a frame made and placed in front of her as she sat upright in bed, with pillows on the frame, on which to rest her arms and head.

When baby was ten days old, the mother commenced "nursing" it, and so continued without interruption.

After sixth day, patient commenced taking other foods, and milk was lessened in amount. In eighteen days from first call, discontinued my visits—my patient was well.

Trust I shall be pardoned for dwelling at great length on this case. 'Twas a "tough proposition."

#### CASE 4.

Was called by 'phone, at daybreak, to see Mrs. J. H. P., age 45, 5½ miles distant.

Was at her door at 8 A. M. Was informed patient was attacked during night previous with severe pain in chest, accompanied by profuse "pink-colored" expectoration. (Temperament—nervous—sanguine—lymphatic.) Instantly noted excessive nervous depression, the patient's husband having died three years previous, of pneumonia, under care of a nearby M. D. with Dr. Janeway, of New York City, in consultation.

And my patient "*knew positively* she was going in same way."

Examination reveald acute congestion of right lung, with pleuritic complication, causing painful respiration.

There was high temperature, rapid pulse, heavily coated tongue, showing hepatic complication also.

My first effort was to calm my patient's fears, for she was nearly dead with fright, and I said, "Mrs. P., with my treatment, if you will submit to it—will allow everything done for you that I dictate—you *can't die if you try.*" After further explanation, my "Special Treatment" was commenct. In six hours all pain had ceast. In 36 hours, sanguinous expectoration had disappeared. On fifth day was sitting up, on seventh day was walking about her room, and at end of two weeks from date of attack, patient was well, even feeling better than previous to her illness.

#### CASE 5.

Miss A. H., age 53, sufering from double bronchitis, entire bronchial tract of both lungs involvd. Had been ill one week when I was sumond. After five days' treatment, and convalescence well establisht, she determind, contrary to positiv instructions, to be taken in closed carriage to house of a friend two miles distant.

'Twas a cold, wintry day. Soon after arrival I was 'phoned to come in all posible haste, profuse

hemorrhage of the lungs having developept, with acute congestion of entire respiratory track.

Here was a problem! Wo'd my "Thermal" treatment comport with existing hemorrhagic conditions?

After surveying carefully the entire field, determined to try it, as giving surest promise of success.

Commenced immediately my "Special Treatment" for acute congestiv and inflammatory conditions of chest organs, (my examination showd serious pleuritic involvment, right side).

But two slight attacks of hemorrhage occurrd during treatment. In four weeks patient had fully recovered, and to-day, fifteen years after, she seems a very well woman.

#### CASE 6.

Was call'd to Mrs. G., age 34. Case of double pneumonia, occuring immediately after birth of her babe, one week previous. There was excessiv asphyxia, patient co'd not be aroused from comatose sleep. Color of skin almost resembld that of African of pure blood.

I believd the patient in "Articulo Mortis," and so stated to the husband. He entreated me to try, which I did, using my "Special Treatment," and in two weeks patient had fully recovered.

#### CASE 7.

In February, 1894, was summond to Mr. W. S., age 50, in upper New York. Found lower haf of both lungs hepatized, and heavy mucus rahles

thro'out remaining portion. Pulse 110, temperature  $103\frac{1}{2}$ .

There was excessiv and prolongd constipation. Patient had been under treatment two weeks, and the day I was summond, the attending physician, when prest for an opinion, said patient "had not two weeks to liv."

And, after examination, I believd the doctor had told the truth. Had seldom seen a more hopeles case, so little life remaining. With strong mental misgiving, I commenct "Special Treatment," the "Chest Lotion" covering from waist-line to neck—chest and back.

Milk punch, hot as patient co'd sip down, a wine-glassful every  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, so that patient took a gobletful every 3 hours, night and day, and all the ice-cold water patient co'd drink.

In 24 hours, free expectoration was establisht, dark, heavy, rust-colord mucus. In five days all trace of blood had disappeared.

Temperature 101, pulse 90. In 18 days puls and temp. normal, and but a vestige of hepatization remaining. Appetite good, and feeling well as ever.

Just as I was to discontinue "calls," patient had occasion to apply hot-water bag for slight pain in abdomen when, by mistake, the bag was filld to the neck with boiling water, and it exploded, burning deep, almost thru "abdominal wall," a space near twice the size of the two-quart rubber bag. Again I tho't patient was "Finish't."

Soon as notified of the disaster, went to Schoonmaker's Drug Store, then corner Park Avenue and 42d Street, and orderd

R. Hydrastin (Keith's) .....dr. iii  
 Morph. Sulph. ....dr. ss  
 Tr. Calendula .....oz. iii  
 Cerat Simp.... } .....ãã oz. viii  
 Benzoated Lard }

Orderd burned surface thoroly cleansed with "Constantine's Pine Tar Soap" and warm water, then salve applied on old linen, and reatin'd in position by band encircling body.

Bathing and fresh application of salve morning and night. Sloughing was extensiv, and 'twas six weeks before all had heald. With this treatment of burns and scalds I've never, in forty years' practice, found it necessary to resort to "skin-grafting."

#### CASE 8.

Treated successfuly the late Hon. D. D. F. for pleuro-pneumonia foloing "Grippe." He past his 85th birthday in bed during that sickness.

Two weeks from my first call, my distinguisht patient was well, and returnd from his country home at Orienta to his "Gramercy Park" home, New York City.

He livd to ripe age of 89 years.

## CASE 9.

A boy, age  $2\frac{1}{2}$  years, attackt with double pneumonia one week before I was summond. Case had been pronounct hopeles. "Special Treatment" cleard away all trouble in one week. Case was some miles out of town. I visited it nightly for one week.

## CASE 10.

Mrs. C., age 95, pleuro-pneumonia. "Special Treatment." All pain gone, and all trace of blood from sputa before fourth day. In two weeks had quite recovrd.

## CASE 11.

Mrs. H., of Throgg's Neck, age 84, pleuro-pneumonia. "Special Treatment." Complete recovery within twelve days.

## CASE 12.

Mr. W., of William's Bridge, age 64, was a daily consumer of whiskey. Case of pleuro-pneumonia, left side. Attending physician, on fifth day, declared it a fatal case. I was then call'd. Disease had attackt right side also. Went to nearby drug store, routed out the druggist at midnight, prepar'd my "Special Treatment." In two weeks he had fuly recovrd and returnd, well as ever, to his home in Red Bank, N. J.

## CASE 13.

Miss W., age 18. Was summonsd to make examination and giv opinion. Found nearly the entire left lung solidified, and upper haf of right lung in state of acute inflamation.

She had been under treatment four weeks by another physician. A second M. D. was calld in consultation, and the two agreed the girl must die.

I said, "As long as ther's life, ther's hope," and parents entreated me to do my best. Commencd my "Special Treatment," and in four weeks she had fuly recovrd, leaving no sequella.

## CASE 14.

Mr. A. B. age 70. Was told over the 'phone, patient had pneumonia with much pleuritic pain and excessiv sanguinous expectoration. Temperature and pulse wer also stated, and coresponded with abov diagnosis. Was importuned to come without delay. Replied 'twas imposible for me to come that day ('twas 8 miles away), but if they wo'd send a messenger, by time he reacht my office, wo'd hav all internal medicines and chest lotions prepared, and instructions fuly written out. Messenger came, all my instructions wer religiously obeyd, and in two weeks patient was well as ever.

He died aged 84.

## CASE 15.

Dr. ——— was call'd to see Mrs. S., age 73. He diagnosed "Pneumonia" and said patient co'd not survive two weeks. A friend requested me to examine the case. Found Dr. ——— was correct in his diagnosis, but did not quite sanction his *prognosis*.

When askt, "Can you give any hope?" I replied, "Believe I can, if all my suggestions are religiously fulfilld."

"Special Treatment" immediately commenct. In 24 hours all the severe pleuritic pain had gone. In 48 hours sanguinous expectoration had ceast. In two weeks patient was well. (She died in her 95th year.)

## CASE 16.

Miss C. F., age 18. Was well on road to recovery from Grippe, with double Bronchitis added, when, from sudden drop in out-door temperature, patient was seizd with prolongd chill, resulting in pneumonia affecting lower lobe of left lung, with pleuritic accompaniment, and return of bronchial congestion in right lung. Pleuritic pain was so serious and prolongd, used hypodermics of one-sixth grain morph. directly over region of pain for three consecutive nights.

One hour after rec'd 'phone, had a cylinder compressed oxygen at bedside, and patient inhaling it every ½ hour, had used "Foot-bath," and "Special Treat-

ment" was well inaugurated. Fortunately, a most competent trained nurse was right at hand.

This was a "test case." Lung capacity imperfectly developept; brother of patient's father died of tubercular disease; strength greatly reduced by previous attack of Grippe; heart weakend to danger point; patient had never been strong; was very nervous. Yet my treatment bro't patient safely thru without a vestige of sequella. Had fuly recovrd in 18 days, and became stronger, more vigorous, than for long time previous to illness. Is a very well woman to-day.

#### CASE 17.

The day after was calld to Case No. 16, was summond to bedside of Marion S., age 9. Had always been frail, anemic. "Oxygen" was used from the first, every  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour.

There was perfect restoration in 14 days, and more vigorous condition of health than during preceding years. In this case, disease was arrested before "rust-colored" sputum developept, tho' sanguinous mucus was profuse for 36 hours.

I insist on *deep breathing* (after cesation of pleuritic pain), repeated every 2 or 3 hours—also, that patient be turnd from "side to side" every 5 or 6 hours.

#### CASE 18.

About January 1, 1880, a rush call to see Mr. R. L. G., age 73. Found him in congestiv chill. Learnd

he had been ill two weeks, and for several days had vomited all he had swallowd. Had excruciating pain left side of chest—in epigastric region, and in back and lower extremities. Was under treatment by his city physician, who had not calld on him, but sent medicine by messenger.

Quickly as possible I put patient in “Thermal bath” for 15 minutes, and thoroly rubd, then plac’t him in bed, and gave hypodermic of saturated solution quinine and brandy, 90 minims—plact hot bottles from neck to feet, and hot-water bag on left side. Also injected pr. anum, 20 grains quinine in 2 dr. brandy and ounce of mucilage. When in bed 30 minutes, was sweting profusely. Soon as practicable, made an examination, and found serious pleuro-pneumonia of left side, the stomach an apparently solid tumor, and so sensitiv weight of bed-clothes co’d not be endured. Total occlusion of cardiac orifice, everything swallowd came back instantly. Bowels had ceast to act, and kidneys almost ditto. Explained gravity of case to family, and requested that city physician be summoned.

After critical examination, Dr. H. said, “This man is dying of cancer of stomach, and can’t survive two weeks. I have been fighting off this cancer for 15 years. Nothing can save him now. Make him as comfortable as you can while life remains.” By my request, Dr. H. stated his diagnosis and prognosis to family. I then explained to the doctor the treatment I had devised. Said ’twas entirely new to him, that

it co'd prolong patient's life but a few days, that speedy dissolution was, in his opinion, inevitable. Continued my treatment, hypodermics three times daily, and injections pr. anum. morning and night. Dr. H. came again in three days, found patient decidedly improv'd, and said he could not express his astonishment and delight. Advised discontinuance of the "enormous doses of quinine," and, instead, giving Tr. Cinchona. I complied. On folowing day was hastily summond, and found patient in another "double-breasted" chill. The hot bath, Tr. Aconite, and hot stimulants soon broke the chill, and induced free perspiration. I returnd to the 20 gr. doses of quinine, with no discomfort whatever to patient, and with perfect immunity from chill. And, for one year, the patient, of his own volition, took that same dose—then, by my advice, he diminisht the dose just a little each day until one month had past, then stopt its use altogether with no harmful results.

Soon as patient's stomach co'd retain food, etc., I administerd my ordinary remedies for pneumonia, gastritis, etc. In five days from my first call, clearing away of "Hepatization" was well establisht; in three months the gastritis had disappeared.

On close questioning regarding cause of this fearful illness, learnd that patient had, for several weeks previous to atack, been superintending construction of a building where he was constantly exposed to cold and excessiv moisture.

Sho'd state that, from the first, the "Chest Lotion"

was constantly applied over chest, anterior and posterior, until all trace of disease had disappeared.

## CASE 19.

E. W. F., Jr., male, age 6. Eight weeks after attack of measles, from which he made uneventful recovery, took prolonged chill, immediately resulting in acute congestion of entire bronchial tract, and endo-carditis, with marked "Bruit-de-soufflet."

"Thermal Bath" and all "Special Treatment" under way one hour after commencement of chill. Twenty-four hours after attack, called consultation from New York City. (He came but once.) Twenty-four hours after consultation, right lung had ceased to act. All respiratory murmur had ceased. Lung did not expand an iota, on inspiration.

I then telegraphed Dr. Walton, of New York City, for "Cylinder Comprest Oxygen, on first train." It came. Placed large compress around tube, and tube in child's mouth. Pressing compress snugly over mouth and nose, turned on oxygen with moderate force, till both sides of chest bulged perceptibly, held it there for second or two, then withdrew the tube and allowed the child to breathe naturally for a minute, then repeated till patient had three "Inhalations." This was repeated every half-hour, night and day, for two weeks, then hourly for one week, then every 2 or 3 hours during the day, for two weeks more, then three times daily for a month longer.

"Special Treatment" was in full blast all this time (except during the 24 hours was following Consulting Physician's instructions), and in addition gave "Cactus Grandiflor" for cardiac neuralgia, hypertrophy, etc.

In 21 days, the "Paralyzed" lung had resumed almost normal action, all bronchial disturbance had ceased, but I did not allow the boy out of bed till six weeks from attack.

Reduction of heart to its normal size, and to normal action, was necessarily slow. Was not allowed to attend school until he was 12, or to indulge in violent exercise, as running, etc. At 15, he commenced moderate exercise in gymnasium. At 18, heart's size and action normal, chest and lung capacity well developed, and in test of physical strength was equal to the best in his "Athletic Class." Is now 23, and a splendid specimen of vigorous young manhood.

This was indeed a trying ordeal for me, for 'twas my own boy—my second son.

#### CASE 20.

Mrs. J. H., age 23. Attacked with Grippe, double Bronchitis, and acute Bright's disease, simultaneously, three weeks before expected arrival of "first born."

"Special Treatment" (minus foot-bath and "Thermal Bath") and liberal use of "Little Black Pills" for a very torpid liver, and ditto of Tr. Aposynum cannab. for kidneys, and Tr. Cactus grand, and nitro-

glycerine for a "Shakey heart," bro't my patient safely out, the kidneys "clearing" but three days before arrival of a fine 9-pound boy. Both mother and child got on quite as well, apparently, as tho' no illness had preceded the important event.

## CASE 21.

Dr. S. F. W., age 44. Seriously ill with pneumonia near two weeks. Patient became cold—cyanotic. All efforts to restore warmth to patient's body proved unavailing. I was summoned.

Ordered "Foot-bath," placed hot-water bottles on both sides of patient, from shoulders to feet, applied "Chest Lotion," in fact, full "Special Treatment," with "Full Rations" of hot milk and whiskey added. Remained with patient till he was thoroly warm, and in profuse perspiration. In three days the serious hepatization in both lungs was rapidly breaking up; in one week convalescence was permanently established, and prompt recovery secured.

From effect of prolonged inflammatory conditions, the vitality of chest organs was greatly diminished so, for several winters, patient sought comfort and safety in the South—but recent winters have been spent within 20 miles of New York City without special discomfort.

## CASE 22.

Mary H., age 18 months. Was ill 11 days with double pneumonia. Then attending physician gave

unfavorable prognosis—asphyxia far advanct—was supposed to be dying. “Special Treatment,” including “Thermal Baths” daily, restored her fully in two weeks.

She is now a young lady, strong and healthy.

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With “Special Treatment” faithfully followd, “heart-failure” is precluded, the disease is “blockt” the moment treatment is establisht, no more tissue becomes involvd, and no relaps occurs.

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The late John A. Morris, of Throgg’s Neck, near Ft. Schuyler, said, after watching carefully three cases of pneumonia under my care (one of them 84 years old), that he wo’d wager one hundred dollars against one, that I wo’d cure every case, if calld before “disolution” had developd.

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Giv 3 drops Tr. Hydrastis can. in water, every  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, for 2 hours, and no nausea folos administration of anesthetics.

One dose prevents nausea from narcotics.

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In young or old, when all food is rejected, try “Dr. Dadirrian’s Zoolak.”

## PART III.

### How to Treat Necrosis, Locomotor Ataxia, Etc.

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#### OCCLUSION OF PYLOROUS AND INTESTINAL OBSTRUCTION.

IN July, 1884, was calld to see Mr. J. M., aged 75 years. Nervous bilious temperament. For two years previous, his health and strength had been failing, obstinate constipation, vertigo, indigestion, loss of appetite, etc.

Was suddenly attakt with "congestiv chill," agony of pain from head to foot, nausea and vomiting.

Found patient in advanct stage of collaps.

Examination showd entire intestinal tract filld with unyieldng mass that I believd to be long-retaind feces. Puls was not perceptible at rist. Patient *seemd* to be in "Articulo Mortis."

Orderd "Regulation Foot-bath," turnd patient across the bed, feet in bath, coverd legs and bath-tub with quilt to retain steam and heat. After 15 minutes of bath, plact bottles filld with hot water on either side, from shoulders to feet, and piled on blankets.

As nothing whatever co'd be retaind on stomach (there was regurgitation of everything he attempted

to swallow), I had resort to hypodermics of pure brandy, 60 drops every haf-hour, and continued until there was profuse perspiration, and heart's action was wel restored.

In stating case to patient's family, on morning of attack, I said, "This mass of 'refuse' filling intestinal tract has been many months accumulating, and had swampd the wheels of life. There is more dead material, than living, in the patient's system. My fear is, we can't keep patient alive till this mass of refuse can be removd, and prostrate-nature helpt to her feet again." Two hours after entering patient's hous, and danger of immediate disolution past, and quiet restored in household, sat down to formulate my plan of "campaign."

That done, calld for paper and wrote out program as follows:

"Ninety minims saturated solution sulphate quinine and pure brandy hypodermically administerd, and repeated every 3 hours night and day. Enema of hot water and castor oil to clear lower intestinal tract, repeat every morning and night, followd by enema of ounce of mucilage, white of one egg and teaspoonful quinine and brandy.

Two "Litlre Black Pills" (soon as can be retained on stomach); repeat nightly. To prevent local inflammation from hypodermic, saturated small pledget of absorbent cotton with equal parts Tr. Hydrastin and "Pond's Extract," and applied to each puncture of hypodermic needle.

Two "family physicians," one from New York City, the other from Brooklyn, both had known and treated my patient for many years, wer summond.

Their diagnosis was, "Cancer of Stomach, liver and intestinal tract." Prognosis, "Death within three weeks" But both physicians said, "Continue just as you are doing—your treatment, tho entirely new to us, will prolong his life somewhat, and mitigate his sufering."

I was at bedside of patient every 3 hours to administer hypodermic, night and day, for four weeks, and for first two weeks the pulse had disappeared from the rist at each call, but always returnd within one minute after receiving the hypodermic.

Six weeks elapst before hypodermics co'd be discontinued.

Stomach was exceeding slow in taking on normal energy—in doing its part in keeping life's wheels in motion. Excessive gastric inflammation had thoroly paralyzed the stomach for the time being.

At end of 3 weeks, patient co'd retain teasponful liquid nourishment, and hypodermics wer used less frequent, and during the sixth week, but 3 times daily.

In estimating amount of "refuse," my patient's system threw off—"eliminated"; found conclusivly that statement made at first call was not excessiv.

Convalescence was slow, but uninterrupted. (He livd to be almost 88.)

Allowing this to be an extreme case, yet do not

many die annually of "*Heart failure*," caused by "*retained sewage*?"

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Is not "Auto-Intoxication" responsible, either immediate or remote, for a large percentage of diseases humankind is heir to?

#### GASTRITIS, ENTERITIS, ETC.

A small plant, botanical name of which is "*Pyrola Eliptica*," is found in great abundance in Adirondack Mountains, and in high land of this, and Western States, and is, nearly as possible, a specific for "*Cholera Morbus*," "*Cholera Infantum*," enteritis acute, with or without intestinal hemorrhage, etc.

Hav known it to bring back to life and health, more infants and young children, where there was but a spark of life remaining, than hav seen accomplit by any, or all other agents. Hav carefully watcht its effects for 70 years.

And it's equaly as efficacious in dysinteric conditions of adults.

A nearby town was fearfully stricken, a few years since, with this latter disease, over 30 fatal cases ocuring within 4 weeks, yet not one of those using "*Pyrola*," over 40 cases, but recovrd.

An ordinary decoction is prepared and a teaspoonful to 2 tablespoonfuls (according to age) given every  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour to 2 hours, as conditions may indicate. For hemorrhage, give "*Enema*" of same herb, and Fld. Ext. Ergot.

Hav a care for the Little ones!

Of all God's creatures, they sho'd receive first, and most careful, painstaking attention.

DON'T FAIL HERE!

# INTERNAL TREATMENT FOR HEMORRHAGE OF VITAL ORGANS.

Fld. Ext. Secale Cor.

Fld. Ext. Witch Hazel.

Of each 2 oz. added to 8 oz. water.

*Dose.*—A teaspoonful every 5 to 30 minutes, until hemorrhage is controled, then every 2 or 3 hours for a time, to prevent recurrence.

## "REGULATION FOOT-BATH."

½ pail hot water

2 tablespoonfuls salt

2 tablespoonfuls mustard

1 tablespoonful sal-soda.

Mix well, and bathe feet 10 minutes.

Repeat nightly, just before retiring. Limbs sho'd be thoroly rubd while *in bath, then coverd to retain heat and steam.*

## "THERMAL BATH."

Sufficient hot water to cover body.

Add 4 heaping tablespoonfuls salt

4 " " mustard

2 " " sal-soda

Mix well, and remain in bath 3 to 10 minutes, or longer, if conditions so indicate. Body sho'd be thoroly rubd while in bath.

TO PREVENT PREMATURE LOSS OF HAIR FROM WHATEVER CAUSE.

R. Merc. Bi Chlorid Pulv.....gr. iv (Poison!)  
 Bay Rum (Colgate's)....oz. xvi

Mix. Shake bottle every 3 hours, for 3 days.

Cleanse scalp thoroly with very warm water and "Constantine's Pine-tar Soap."

When scalp is dry, rub it well with small sponge saturated with the "Bay Rum Lotion."

*Repeat twice each week.*

For past 40 years above treatment has been my sole dependence to arrest premature loss of hair.

"CHEST LOTION."

R. Vaseline } .....ãã oz. viii  
 Lard }  
 Terebinth } .....ãã oz. ii ss  
 Germicide }

Mix in fruit-jar, as most convenient receptacle.

Keep tightly covered.

Saturate all-wool flannel and apply from neck to waist-line. Cover with jacket made of four layers of white wadding between cheese-cloth. Renew morning and night. Apply hot-water bags over.

## "BLACK LOTION." (POISON!)

For Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Arthritis, Pleuritic Pain, Etc.

R. Tr. Actea Rac.

Tr. Aconite Root

Tr. Capsici

Tr. Opii

Chloroform, āā oz. i

Mix. Apply with camel's-hair pencil, or saturate layer surgeon's lint and apply. Cover with oil-silk and apply hot-water bag.

Mr. M., of "Purchase," this county, told me I deserved a "Pension for Life" for giving him this formula 3 months before. Its use had enabled him to lay aside his crutches, to sleep well nights, and to attend to his farm interests that had for long time been neglected. (Hav used this in my practice 37 years.)

## SCARLATINA.

For past 35 years hav used "Thermal Baths" in treatment of all cases of scarlatina, with or without diphtheritic complication, with markt success, meeting but one fatal case during that time. A 5-year-old boy, with "Rash" well developd, played out of doors most of a rainy December day, frequently sitting on the wet earth, protected only by his ordinary clothing.

Was sumond foloing night; found my little patient delirious, with extensiv diphtheritic deposit in fauces, posterior nares, and characteristic indications of its existence also in "Frontal sinuses." All my efforts wer unavailing, the lovely child expiring on fifth day. This was prior to advent of "Antitoxine," one of the greatest discoveries of this, or any other age.

#### CASE—BURN.

As young D. S., age 16, was in act of filling a naptha "street-lamp," the can slipt from his hands, spilling the fluid over his person, and striking on matches, set on fire his clothing, and burned him to a blister over  $\frac{3}{4}$  surface of body and limbs.

There wer large patches where the burn went deep into tissues below the skin. A physician, hearing of the "interesting case," callld and made a careful examination of the boy, and declared it a necessarily fatal case.

I orderd "Lotion for burns" applied:

R. Tr. Arnica

Tr. Calendula.....ãã oz. vi

Hydrastin (Keith's).....oz. ss

Morph. Sulph. ....dr. ii

Whites of 6 eggs

Glycerine

Aqua .....ãã oz. xvi

Mix. After covering all burnd surface with old linen, saturated spong with "Lotion" and applying it

to the linen, kept it continuously saturated until patient was well. For first 3 nights gav  $\frac{1}{4}$  grain Morphine to insure sleep. 'Twas not required after.

Bowels wer kept decidedly free. In six weeks, deepest burns wer heald.

Patient took internally:

R. Fowler's solution

Tr. Rhus. tox.....dr. ss gtt x

Aqua .....oz. vi

Mix. S. A desertspoonful every 3 hours.

“BILIOUS COLIC,” INTESTINAL OBSTRUCTION, INCIP-  
IENT APPENDICITIS, ETC.

If great pain, give one-sixth grain morphine hypodermically, *directly over region of pain*. Effect is decidedly more prompt, and less of the drug is required than when plact at a distance.

Apply electricity, then hot-water bag. Administer internally.

R. Ol Ricini

Ol Oliva

Cascara Cordial

Glycerine

Sp. vi Gal.....ãã oz ss.

Mix. S. Tablespoonful every haf-hour.

If bowels fail to act, inject high up in intestine as possible

R. Honey

Sweet milk .....ãã oz. vi

Mix. Use warm. Repeat hourly.

## FOR ACUTE TONSILITIS.

For intractable case, use "Antitoxine," same as in diphtheria. *It's safest, quickest, best remedy.*

## NECROSIS NO. 1.

Fannie S., age 15. In February, 1887, slipt on icy steps of church, and fell, striking hip, thre inches below crest of Ilium, on sharp edge of step.

Excessiv pain followd, and lamenes, compelling use of crutches.

Treatment relievd the pain and most of lamenes. One year after injury, an abscess developt just at point where the injury on surface of hip was receivd. lancet it, and a full pint of pus was dischargd.

Patient then past from my observation, on Western trip. After return, I was again consulted. Several months had past, discharge of pus had been continuous and profuse, and I advised that she be placd in a first-class hospital in New York City.

'Twas done, and the surgeon in charge spent two weeks dilating the sinus with comprest sponge, then was able to pass a flexible probe down a tortuous course, to seat of trouble, which provd to be at articulation of right hip bone with sacral portion of spinal column, anteriorly, where he found excessiv necrosis.

Prognosis unfavorable—said she must die within two years—that removal of necrosd bone at that

point must produce fatal result. Patient was three weeks in hospital. Then bro't her to my hous (her home was 100 miles away), treated her for four weeks, then took her home, and instructed an older sister to continue the treatment I had devised, as follows:

R. Hydrastin (Keith's) .....dr. ii  
Glycerine .....oz. vi

Mix. Place rubber catheter into sinus about four inches, added two drachms of the Hydrastin Glycerole to a bulb syringe, plact syringe point in catheter, and with firm pressure forced the contents of syringe into sinus. (The distance from external opening to seat of trouble was 8 inches.) A pledget of cotton was placed over opening and bandage applied. This was repeated daily. I made effort to pass tube thru which the glycerole was injected, down to point of necrosis, but the pain produced was unbearable, so I was obliged to content myself with doing next best thing. Patient took internaly "Scott's Emulsion," with Tr. Hydrastin, and Tr. Nux vom. added.

She also took, at times, a trituration of quinine and arsenic.

My "Little Black Pills" kept liver and bowels in healthy action.

In eight weeks from commencement of treatment, improvment was apparent, and continued without interruption for two years, when patient was well, leaving only a markt depression where opening of sinus had been, to indicate that truble had existed.

## NECROSIS NO. 2.

In July, 1882, was called to Capt. W., aged 35.

Found him with left leg flexed at right angle with thigh.

Placed him in prone position, face downward. Examination revealed abscess in popliteal space. Past probe down to shaft of femur, and found extensive necrosis reaching within an inch of knee joint. Abscess had existed two years. Tendons contracted, causing flexion, as above stated. Physicians in New Rochelle and eminent surgeons in New York City had been consulted. Some advised amputation, others removal of necrotic bone by "operation." Before submitting to operation, decided to obtain my views.

I said, after examination, "Maybe an operation is indispensable to save your life, but first allow me three weeks to try another method, to which he readily consented.

I prepared:

R. Hydrastin (Keith's).....dr. iii  
 Morph. Sulph.....gr. v  
 Glycerine .....oz. viii

Mix. With glass syringe injected dr. ii into abscess, covered opening with cotton, and bandaged. (But first cleansed with warm water and "Constantine's

Pine-tar Soap.") This process was repeated daily. Contracted tendons were daily massaged with

R. Vennice Turpentine  
Ol. Oliva  
Vaseline .....ãã oz. i

Mix. Patient receivd internaly 5 grains Iodid. Potass. after meals.

In two weeks, dischrge of pus had lessend, and joint was more flexible. I then orderd a splint made which wo'd also serv as crutch, to which I bandaged his leg, and suggested daily trips on his yacht.

Continued treatment thre months, when limb was fuly restored—was straight as ever, not a vestige of disease remaining.

Hav treated over 50 cases of necrosis during past 40 years, by this method, without a single failure.

#### REMEDY FOR NEURALGIA OF HEAD AND FACE.

R. Tr. Gelsemium .....dr. i  
Aqua .....oz. vi

Mix. Two tablespoonfuls. Repeat in four hours if required. *Relievs inveterate cases.*

Hav also found it best remedy for pain accompanying "La Grippe."

#### CASE OF TETANUS.

During the late Civil War, a company of cavalry in command of a Major was on duty near "Aquia

Creek," Va. Orders came, directing the Major to move his command to a point some miles distant.

But one of his men was sufering from "Lock-jaw," and there was no ambulance in which patient co'd be caried.

A bright idea struck the Major. He new the pro-found muscular relaxation produced by tobacco. He broke up a "navy plug" into a "stew-pan," added water, and stewed it few moments, then plact it on soldier's stomach. Soon as the Major found, by testing the puls, that heart action was less frequent, he removd the tobacco and, in less than ten minutes after, the contents of soldier's stomach took hasty departure, the lockt jaw unlockt, a drink of "Comis-sary" was administered—soldier was plact on his hors and rode away with his command.

#### FOREIGN BODY IN ESOPHAGUS.

In winter of 1870 was calld in haste to a lad, age 7, who had, by accident, swallowd a "marble," and it had lodgd midway between fauces and stomach, and pressure anteriorly was so great that serious dispnoea was produced.

I attempted to reach the marble with bullet forceps, but faild. Then the Major's experiment was recalld, and in five minutes I plact the tobacco on stomach, and ten minutes after contents of stomach, with marble in the lead, came with a rush.

So many new problems we met in army life, and

army hospitals, that must be solvd on the instant, of which medical and surgical text-books in that early day said nothing, that it fostered independence of action, the blazing of new trails where no precedent led the way.

'Twas 35 years since that I read, "He is the most successful physician who is most prolific of expedients."

Receivd my "Diploma" from Faculty of New York Homeopathic College in March, 1868. During my college course, I obtaind tickets for the Saturday "Surgical Clinics" at Bellevue College Hospital, and for the "Clinics" at Blackwell's Island Hospital, on P. M. of Thursdays, and I gladly improvd those splendid opportunities.

In the former those world-famous surgeons lectured and operated, Dr. James R. Wood, Dr. Austin Flint, Sr.; Dr. Lewis A. Sayer, Dr. Mott, Jr., etc.

#### EMACIATION.

In cases of extreme emaciation, especially of infants and young children sufering from wasting disease and impaired digestion, have found great benefit from bathing the patient morning and night with equal parts absolutely pure oliv oil and cocoanut oil mixt, and thoroly rubd in, in a decidedly warm room, if weather is cool.

Also apply cloth, from neck to hips, saturate with same lotion, and renewed daily.

## CARBUNCLE.

Mr. G. S., age 70. Was, when a child, crippled for life by repeated attacks of "scrofula" affecting left arm and leg.

Fall of 1878 a carbuncle developd on posterior cervical.

Attended by physician for twelve days, then an unfavorable prognosis was given, and as "last chance" I was summond.

Found patient in collaps—but told the wife I'd do my "level best," sprang into my carriage, drove rapidly back to my office for my "Kidders Battery." Plact electrodes on opposit sides of the tumor (large over as a teacup, and haf as high), passing electric current directly thru the black mass having haf-dozen openings, discharging acrid, greenish, watery fluid.

Continued the current thirty minutes, and repeated once each day.

Over the carbuncle I plact a hot poultice, composed of Brewers yeast and corn-meal, after covering its surface with powderd charcoal, Kieth's hydrastin and morphine. Poultices wer kept hot, and renewed every thre hours.

As patient was almost pulsles, orderd hot milk, with 2 tablespoonfuls brandy to each gobletful.

Prescribed quinine and arsenic internaly and "Black Pills" for extreme constipation. Thirty hours after commencing treatment, "line of demarkation" could be traced, where dead and living tissue wer

separating, and within five days after treatment began, entire mass had sloughed away, leaving a pit one inch in depth, and smooth perpendicular walls. Continued electricity until all inflammation and tumefaction had disappeared, then Hydrastin cerate alone was used till well, eighteen days from commencement of my treatment.

#### TREATMENT OF CRUSHT HAND.

J. R., age 40, was "standing at top of 25-foot ladder, sawing off top of tree, which at that point was six inches in diameter. As top started to fall, R. plact his left hand on top of the "stump." Just at that moment a gust of wind struck the falling top, driving it back in opposit direction from which it had started to fall, mashing R.'s hand to pulp.

I was summond. Never saw, during my army service, a hand for which treatment seemd more hopeles, if said hand was still atacht to owner's body. Flesh of fingers, thumb, and hand resembled pulp. All phalanges and metacarpals wer crusht, but carpals wer uninjured. Took a shingle, cut slits in thin end, leaving a "splint" for each finger, and the thumb, to rest on.

After thoroly cleansing hand with hot water and tar-soap, plact it on the "splint" and bound, not tightly, the fingers and thumb to their respectiv splint, and the wrist firmly to thick end of shingle.

Then found frame of an old kitchen chair, plact a tin milkpan on the frame, poured into it four quarts

hot water, and to the water I added four ounces each of Tr. Calendula and Fld. Ext. Hamamelis, also ounce Tr. Arnica and drachm each of Kieth's Hydrastin and Morphine, and under pan I plac't a kerosene lamp, and into this Lotion plac't patient's hand, where 'twas kept day and night until flesh was heal'd and union of crusht bones well under way. The Lotion was often renewed during treatment.

Patient did not lose a night's sleep, nor did there, as far as co'd be ascertained, haf an ounce of pus form. Lotion was kept hot as co'd be endured, and patient's cot was so arrang'd that the hand rested easily in the Lotion.

In two weeks repair had so far advanc't, allow'd slight motion of fingers, but the metacarpo—phalangeal joint of thumb—was so thoroly pulverized, decided to amputate, which I did,  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch below the disintegrated joint. There was no loss of osseous structure or muscular tissue, except as abov stated.

At end of four weeks, hand was apparently well, minus the thumb.

Power of motion was increasing daily, and when eight weeks had past, patient went about his farm-work as usual.

Co'd other treatment have prov'd as efficacious?

#### TYPHOID FEVER.

My experience in Army Hospitals, where had opportunity of observing many thousand cases of Typhoid, convinced me that its chief cause was, at least

in the Army, *torpid eliminating organs, generally the result of absence of vigorous exercise, and over-feeding.* It prevaild when men wer lying idle in camp, never when hard marches, etc., wer order of the day—never when we wer on “Haf Rations.” We found the best cure, in clearing the system of “refuse”—putrifactiv material—“sewage”—often the accumulation of months, and in which Typhoid germs generate, *originate.* (This was the inevitable conclusion forced on us in the Army, where ’twas our privilege and duty to watch cases day and night.)

Not only did I watch them, but wrote down in book furnisht for that purpose all conditions existing when patient was admitted to hospital, and the effects, if any, of every drug administerd.

During my 40 years’ practice in New Rochelle, hav been calld to but four cases of Typhoid Fever, and they were cases previously attended by other physicians.

Hav had vast many cases that, when sumond, manifested strong premonitory symptoms of Typhoid, but by martialing all my forces, “Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery,” hav nockt out the enemy before he’d had time to “Dig a trench, or mount a gun!”

I hav not, and never had, an iota of patience with physicians who say they must wait development of prominent symptoms before “moving on the enemies’ works.”

“No quarter!” sho’d be our motto when meeting

morbid conditions. Clean them out before they've had time to take root! Untold thousands of precious lives have been sacrificed by this "waiting for developments" process. DO NOT WAIT!

My "Thermal Bath" has helped me often to induce free perspiration in congestive stage of pneumonia, and of fever with Typhoid trend. And, when once established, have prolonged it by liberal use of hot-water bottles, and heroic doses, if necessary, of Bi-sulphate Quinine. (Have used the "Bi-sulphate" for 20 years. It does less harm to head and stomach.)

In fever with Typhoid trend I give 5 to 10 drops Tinct. "Baptisia Tinctoria" in water, every hour, to 3 hours, as temperature of case may indicate. If great heat in head, with or without delirium, add Belladonna and Gelsemium to the Baptisia. Also give 5 to 10 drops "Germicide" every 2 to 4 hours, in all forms of infectious or contagious diseases. At same time administer, in cases of pronounced fever, enemas of hot water containing 30 drops germicide to pint of water. Inject as high up in intestinal tract as possible.

Repeat 2 or 3 times daily. In Typhoid tendency often the blood is thick with "Bile," with "Sewage," and it requires *persistent effort* to clear the system of so much *dead material*!

Do not leave the paralyzed eliminating organs to do this work unaided, but "buckle on your armor and help tired nature fight this desperate, decisive battle."

Have often found "Sponge-bath" of equal parts

pure cider vinegar and bay rum, very cooling and soothing to "fever patients," repeated every 2 or 3 hours, sponging head and entire body. It has proved of real service in many cases.

If heavily coated tongue exists, allow no animal or farinacious food, but induce patient to drink all that's possible of hot water or ice-cold water that has previously been boiled, until fever abates, and tongue is clearing.

The juice of lemon and of grape-fruit without sugar may, with advantage, be added to all the water drunk.

When fever abates, stewed fruits, apple and cranberry combined, apricots, peaches, ripe or stewed, prunells, etc., etc., all without sugar, if practicable. And the juice of *Ripe Pine-apple*, with or without the grated pulp, can be freely used during any stage of fever. Both pine-apple and cranberry are remarkable for their germicidal properties. A general use of those fruits would prevent a vast amount of sickness.

Are we, as conservators of the public health, doing our full duty in efforts to instruct our constituents *how to keep well?*

Should we not ask ourselves every day, "What more can I do in this direction, than am now doing?"

Would refer to one other article of diet. I allow "*Ice-cream*" in reasonable quantity, to *all* the sick, when it is craved, or thoroly relished. How often hav

I seen very young infants take it with utmost avidity and retain it, when all else was rejected.

How grateful it is to the patient sufering from fever, of whatever form or stage.

### NECROSIS NO. 3.

Mr. C. D., age 25. Was thre months in St. Luke's Hospital sufering with five abscesses in right thigh.

Surgeons desired to amputate thigh at upper third. Patient said "No!"

His brother bro't him to New Rochelle, and I was calld and requested to reliev patient's great sufering, if posible, and prescribe diet that wo'd restore strength sufficient to endure ordeal of amputation.

Found patient still resting on cot on which he was bro't from "St. Luke's."

On examination, found I co'd pass probe directly thru thigh at five different points between hip and knee joint.

At each of the five openings, necrosd bone could be readily detected. One abscess was but  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches abov articulation of Femur with Tibia.

The young man begged me piteously to save his limb, said he'd much prefer dying than lose it.

I told him wo'd do my level best, that he must not worry, for that "wo'd spoil his chance of recovery." He was greatly emaciated.

After thoro cleansing all abscesses with the tar-soap, etc., I plugd one opening of each abscess with

lint saturated with "Hydrastin and Morphine Glycerole," then filld each cavity with the glycerole, then plugd the entrance with the saturated lint, then bound up the thigh with bandage saturated with same glycerole.

This was daily repeated. Internaly gav 5 gr. Potass. Iodid thrice daily. Also Trs. Hydrastin and Nux Vom. of each 2 drops in  $\frac{1}{2}$  wineglass of water before meals. Also one "Black Pill at bedtime.

For first two weeks, diet was sterilized milk and cream. Then more substantial food was craved by patient, and allowd, for he had already started on "up-grade," was a little stronger, pain was less, slight diminution in pus discharged etc.

Treatment was unchangd to the finish. In thre months, patient returnd to his position as book-keeper in New York City, with but slight discharge from one abscess (and that had heald perfectly one month later), the rest wer soundly heald.

Several spiculas of bone escapt from each of the five abscesses in thigh during treatment, some of them  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch wide by 2 inches in length.

Patient came under my care middle of June. On foloing Thanksgiving Day he came up to spend the day with his brother, and I calld on him—and a more perfect specimen of healthy young manhood I never lookt upon. Weight 160 pounds. 'Twas but 90 when he came from "St. Luke's." There was no return of malady.

## ACUTE BRIGHT'S DISEASE—SPASM, DROPSY.

C. S. P. seizd with spasm. Patient, age 10, had been sufering from obstinate constipation, diminisht secretion of urin, and a general dropsical condition. Serious and prolongd spasm developept.

Orderd "Thermal Bath" twice daily, ice, and ice-cold cider vinegar and witch hazel, equal parts, to head—hot salt and water enema morn and night.

Fld. Ext. "Aposynum can," 10 drops, and Tr. Gel-semium, 5 drops in wineglass of water every 3 hours. Gav Calomel and Black Pills, and Ol Ricini to thoroly clear the system. (Analysis showd urin to be haf albumin.) After bath, patient was wrapt in blankets, and hot bottles applied to perpetuate profuse sweting. He had but one o rtwo slight spasms after commencing treatment, and in four weeks had fully recovrd.

## "BRIGHT'S DISEASE," TREATMENT.

R. "Hunt's Kidney and Dropsy Remedy" (Aposynum Canab.). One bottle.

S. A tablespoonful after meals.

Commence with teaspoonful and gradually increas to ful dose.

At same hour giv Nitro-glycerine, 1-150th grain tablet, for 14 days.

Then giv, on same hour, 1-30th gr. Merc. Bi-Chlorid, in pill or tablet form, for 14 days. Then return to the Nitro-glycerine, etc., etc.

Giv also, on retiring, 1 or 2 "Little Black Pills."

Hav found this treatment most successful.

One of the best men that ever wrote on Renal diseases says, "Ninety-nine one-hundredths of all forms of disease of kidneys hav their root in a torpid liver."

My experience has taught me the truth of this assertion.

"LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA."

In June, 1886, was calld by 'phone to see Mr. J. McC., age 40.

In great pain, chiefly in lower spinal region, and between knees and ankle joints. Said he had the "Tigers"! I orderd "Thermal Bath," and while in the bath applied electricity, strong current as he co'd endure without pain, copper plate with "negative" electrode atacht, prest against soles of feet, while "positive" pole was past down spine and legs. Continued this treatment  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, and orderd daily repetitions. However severe pain might be when entering bath, before  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour was up he experienct great relief. When bath was finisht, patient was plact in bed, and hot-water bags applied to regions of pain.

Orderd spinal region, and lower extremities rubd thrice daily with "Black Lotion."

For the excessiv constipation, prescribed "Little Black Pills."

Orderd also

R̄. Tr. Aconite Root

Tr. Actea Rac

Tr. Rhus Tox.....ãã dr. ss.

Tr. Gelsemium .....oz. ii

Mix. Add dr. ss. to 4 oz. water.

S. Desertspspoonful every 3 hours.

(No narcotic was administered during treatment.)

Soon as patient was made comfortable in bed, I drew from him the following history: Two years previous he noted slowly increasing weakness in legs, accompanied by lancinating pain in spinal region, and specially below the knees. At same time, there was excessive constipation. Patient first consulted the eminent specialist, Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, and the noted specialists, Drs. Seguin and Spitzka, were also in consultation repeatedly on this case during the two years previous to my "call," and they decided it was a case of "Locomotor Ataxia," not of "specific" origin.

He was strictly temperate. At last the doctors applied the "Moxa" (electric cautery), but no relief following, said there was no more they could do.

When I was called, patient was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk, even with crutches, without assistance, and all hope of recovery had vanished—and he said to me, "Doctor, I'm in agony of pain! I can live but a short time, and have called you, in the hope that you can, in some way, mitigate this torture while life is prolonged."

My treatment as above indicated was faithfully followed, with daily reduction of pain, steadily improving appetite, and increase of strength in legs, and in entire system.

After four weeks from my first call, baths with

electricity wer taken but every second day for one month, then less frequent during third month.

At end of third month, patient commenct busi-ness trips to New York, was walking with a cane only.

Continued baths and electricity two nights in each week, not to relieve pain, for that had quite disappeared long before thre months had past, but as prophylactic against return of the "monster," and as a general tonic.

As winter approacht, advised patient to seek a warm climate till foloing May; in fact, to spend several consecutiv winters in warm climate. First winter, he spent in Texas; next in Florida; the next two or thre in West Indies.

Then patient decided to spend a winter in "Egypt." Patient commenct his return trip from "Egypt" in March, via Lyons, France, where remaind for a time; then up to Paris, and while stopping there determind to call on the world-famed neurologist, Dr. Charcot (since deceased), and request a critical examination. He did so, and when Dr. C. had finisht, in answer to my patient's queries, said, "Yes, Mr. McC., you hav suferd, surely enough from "Locomotor Ataxia," but it has been thoroly and permanently cured, and there is no more fear of its return than there wo'd be if you had never sufered from it.

My patient is, at this writing, 22 years from my

first "call," in excellent health and flesh, and says he never felt better in his life.

---

The Rev. W. H. W., age 75, of Ocean Grove, N. J., was sufering from acute gastritis, engrafted on chronic indigestion of many years' standing. Was reduced to a skeleton. His case was considered hopeless, and his physician discontinued treatment. I saw him about September 15th, 1907, and suggested an emulsion of "Tyalid," and Fairchild's Essence of Pepsine, with "Borden's unsweetened condensed milk." Orderd a teaspoonful taken every 2 hours.

On alternate hour, gave infusion "Pyrola Eliptica" leaves and root. Tablespoonful, with 3 drops Tr. Hydrastin added. Orderd also, as gastric and intestinal disinfectants, "Charcoal and Soda" tablets, and tablets containing 1-10th grain Iodoform, to be taken as conditions seemd to indicate. Improvment was apparent from the first. In ten weeks patient was able to take a 400-mile trip to his winter home in North Carolina. Has become quite strong, and at times engages in ministerial work.

---

*"Don't give up the ship!"* Devise something, both in way of food and medicin, that will *"Touch the right spot!"*

The above "Emulsion" was so prepared, that patient took about 15 drops each of "Tyalid," and of Tr. Pepsine every 2 hours.

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To all those not familiar with "Little Black Pills," or "Germicide," a free sample will be sent on request.

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Having been a resident of this charming, beautiful City of New Rochelle for 41 years, feel myself qualified to render the following verdict: That, all things from all points considered, New Rochelle may not be voted the "Gem of the Ocean," but it surely is the GEM OF LONG ISLAND SOUND!

And the good people composing this community are warm, true friends to all who prove worthy of their confidence; but the opposite class will receive an "adverse decision" by first Post.

Words cannot express the gratitude I feel in return for the unstinted confidence, support, and affection accorded me.

Surely 'twas God's hand that led me, on April 2, 1868, to New Rochelle!

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I adjure you: BE HONEST, A "TOTAL ABSTAINER," VIRTUOUS!

TREAT AND CARE FOR ALL OF THE GENTLER SEX, JUST AS YOU WOULD HAVE OTHER PHYSICIANS CARE FOR THOSE OF YOUR OWN HOUSEHOLD.

THE AUTHOR.



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